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MEMOIR

OF

JOHN C. LORD, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS.

COMPILED BY ORDER OF THE CHURCH SESSION.

BUFFALO:
THE COURIER COMPANY, PRINTERS.

1878.

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To

The Wife whose Love he Esteemed his Highest

Honor in his Old Age as in his Youth,

and to

Numberless Friends who Respected him as a Teacher of

Eternal Truths, who Revered him as a Minister

of Christ's Gospel, and who Loved him

as a Man, this Memoir

is Dedicated.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. LORD, the founder of this Church, and its honored Pastor for more than a generation, has passed from earth to the better world.

Although, at his venerable age and in his frail condition of health, this event was not wholly unexpected; although the worn-out soldier of the Cross, for some weeks had been longing for the summons to lay down his weapons and armor, and be at rest,—yet the shock of our bereavement seemed sudden, and our hearts and tongues are still stricken with the "dull paralysis of woe."

Society at large mourns the loss of a great and good man of singularly sturdy and massive character. We, his old parishioners, lament an affectionate, sympathizing friend; a wise counselor; a loving, faithful shepherd, endowed with those rare, magnetic qualities that irresistibly knit our affections to his, our gifted, great-hearted Pastor; our beloved and revered Father in Israel.

All his blessed ministrations; all our sweet communions with him, are now but a beautiful memory,—yet a memory which is imperishable, and, we trust, will be fruitful for good evermore.

God grant us all a re-union with our dear and sainted Pastor in the land where there shall be no partings; no sundering of sacred ties, and where the Infinite Father shall wipe away the tears from every eye.

Resolved, That the foregoing tribute be transmitted to the widow and family of the deceased, with assurances of our most respectful and affectionate sympathy, and that a copy be entered on the minutes of the Clerk.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE COMMON COUNCIL.

Whereas, The Rev. JOHN C. LORD has been called from his earthly career to his heavenly abode and reward, therefore,

Resolved, That the death of Dr. LORD removes from among us one of the most devout Christian ministers and eminent divines of the country.

Resolved, That his long, useful and faithful service as Pastor of one of the oldest and largest Churches of the city, his distinguished and unquestioned abilities, his many Christian virtues and his unselfish devotion to the best interests of the community in which he lived, for more than half a century, make his loss one that will be sensibly realized by a large circle of mourning friends.

Resolved, That the Council extend its sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, in this their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the Council will attend the funeral of the deceased, as the last fitting tribute it can pay to the memory of the revered dead, before his remains are committed to their mother earth.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Council and a copy thereof given to the family of the deceased.

Attest: F. F. FARGO,
City Clerk.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. CHAS. WOOD.

THERE is a letter, still carefully preserved, written from Washington, N. H., on September 6th, 1805. In it the Rev. John Lord announces the birth of a son on the morning of the 9th of August. To the father's name was added that of the mother's family, and the child was called John Chase Lord. When he was five years of age his father removed to Burlington, in Otsego county, of this State. There he attended the common school, from which, at the age of twelve, he entered the Union Academy of Plainfield, N. H., which was founded by his uncle, the Hon. Daniel Kimball.

One or two essays, and a few poems in an old scrap-book, are the only relics of this early period of his life. They are by no means phenomenal. They are just such essays, and poems, as many a boy of the same age, now studying in some high school or academy, will write this year,

and neither the writings, nor the writer, will the world ever hear of. We have no record of what books he read, or of what books he refused to read. He was not a John Stuart Mill, criticising in his teens, verbal errors in the accepted text of Sophocles, or Euripides; neither was he a Francis Bacon, elaborating a system of philosophy to supersede Aristotle's, before his face showed signs of a beard. He was a thoroughgoing boy, and loved just such books as ordinary boys love. At this school he remained for three years. But there are no absolute standards of time: the boy of thirteen, receives more impressions in one year, than the man of forty, in ten; and these few years spent in New England, breathing an atmosphere which, theologically and politically, is unique, gave a coloring to his thought, which never wholly faded away.

From New Hampshire, he went to Madison Academy—afterward Madison College. But he always spoke of his collegiate course, as having begun in 1822, when at the age of seventeen, he entered Hamilton, at Clinton, N. Y.

In the two years which he spent there, his intellectual development was rapid. His literary efforts began to give promise of unusual intellec-

tual power. His poetry, too—for such it might now be called—evidenced a nature, open on the emotional, as well as the intellectual side. He was fond of reading, but preferred to read rather outside, than within the ordinary curriculum, and as the necessary result, he never took the rank in his class, to which his abilities entitled him. He cared nothing for the athletic sports which were then working their way toward the popularity in which they are now so strongly intrenched. Like Kingsley at Oxford, and Sumner at Harvard, he left behind him no legends of marvellous muscular feats. It may be doubted, if he ever handled a bat, or vaulted a bar, or shot a gun.

He was not at this time a Christian. Like Augustine in the years when he studied at Carthage, he gave promise rather of an enemy, than a friend of Jesus of Nazareth. He was never dissolute, but during his collegiate course, and for some years after, he was thoroughly indifferent, and did whatever his tastes led him to believe would be pleasurable. He staid but two years at Hamilton; when becoming somewhat tired of the routine of college life, and longing for a field where he could at once make use of the powers of which he was becoming conscious, he

left very suddenly, with a classmate, and went to Canada. There he undertook an enterprise, which at that time, was thoroughly characteristic. He became editor-in-chief of a newspaper, which was sent out through the Provinces with the irresistible name of "*The Canadian.*" No copy of that sheet can now be found; but we are safe in believing, that however uninteresting may have been its news department, its editorials at least, would be read. With much that was crude, there must have been a ring, and snap to the rhetoric, that would catch the eye, and arrest the attention, even of a political opponent.

Why he became satisfied with a single year's experience as an editor, is uncertain. He may have found that in his undeveloped mental condition, the draft upon his energies was too great; or, which is perhaps more probable, "*The Canadian*" brought silver so slowly into the pockets of its young editors, that a change was felt to be a necessity. This latter supposition is borne out by a fact which he tells us in his diary, that he came to Buffalo—where he had decided to make his future home—with only enough money for one meal, and a night's lodging. Almost immediately he was

admitted into the office, of the then leading lawyers of Western New York, Messrs. Love & Tracy. He must, even at this time, have had much of that dignified, and winning presence, which afterwards drew around him so many friends, or the doors of that office would never have been opened to him, for he himself was his only recommendation. That he won his way rapidly into popular favor is evident, for at the celebration of the Semi-Centennial of our national existence, he was chosen to voice for the city, the feelings of that memorable hour. His oration is still remembered for its poetic imagery and beautiful diction.

What Buffalo was in that year of 1825, is pictured for us by his own pen; in his Quarter Century Sermon, he says: "The population of the then village, was about 2,500. At that time, that part lying east of Washington street, was an almost inaccessible morass; while the territory lying west of Franklin, and north of Chippewa and Niagara, was an almost unbroken forest, where the huntsman often pursued the game abounding in the primeval woods. I remember well, that within a year or two after I became a resident of this city,

an enormous panther was killed a little beyond North street, in the rear of what was then called the Cotton farm. Some of the old residents will remember that the captors of this formidable animal, one of unusual dimensions, had their trophy upon exhibition, at the old Farmers' Hotel on Main street, for some time.

During the first year of my residence the Erie Canal was completed. I saw the waters of the Atlantic poured into Lake Erie, one of the ceremonies of the celebration of the great enterprise which united the lakes with the ocean. Between Buffalo, and Black Rock, there was then a decided rivalry, the inhabitants of these two villages striving manfully to fix in their respective localities the focus of trade, and exhibiting toward each other an enmity like that anciently existing between the Jews, and the Samaritans. Of course, they could not celebrate the completion of the Erie Canal together; hence there were two celebrations, and two first boats to pass from the lake to Albany — and which should take the precedence?—a momentous question at the time! I do not now remember whether General Porter, the Magnus Apollo of Black Rock, or Judge Wilkeson, the

Jupiter Tonans of Buffalo, arrived first at the capital of the State. Happily, these controversies are now matters of history; the two rival villages are utterly lost in the prosperous and populous city which has absorbed them both." In the following year, for the purpose of enlarging somewhat his very meagre income, he started an academic school on Main street, near Clinton. His reputation was already so well established, that very quickly the seats in his room, were filled with scholars. Some who were that winter under his instruction, are still among the most influential men of our city, and have cheerfully given their testimony to his abilities as a teacher. In 1827, he was made Deputy Clerk of Erie county; and on February 19, 1828, he was admitted to the Bar.

His life during the first year of practice was not very different from that of his professional associates. In the last month of the famous twelve occurred the one romance of his life, his marriage to Mary E. Johnson, daughter of Dr. Ebenezer Johnson, afterwards the first Mayor of Buffalo. This was an elopement; but it was probably the most dignified elopement that has ever taken place since the world began. For

reasons, which both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson subsequently saw were insufficient, they had opposed their daughter's marriage. Mr. Lord made but little effort to conceal his intention of carrying out his purpose, and the wedding was witnessed by a large number of the leading people of the village. During his ministerial life, Dr. Lord had no firmer friends than Dr. and Mrs. Johnson.

At the time of his marriage, he was a very regular attendant upon the services of the First, the only Presbyterian Church then in the village. He was soon elected a trustee, and took much interest in the temporal welfare of the society. He was unwilling to go further. To become a Christian, required sacrifices which he had no desire to make. Some phases of the religious experience through which he soon passed, have been preserved on the pages of his journal. It was a strong man's struggle with a strong will, but the victory was complete. When his mother was told that her son had offered prayer in one of the church meetings, she wept with gladness, and said that her greatest wish had been granted; her son had become, she felt assured, a sincere Christian, and she was ready to depart in peace.

There was still another struggle before him. He began to feel that he ought to become a preacher of the Gospel. It was not easy for him to relinquish the hopes of the large wealth which he saw already gathering. But he was not long in making the decision. In 1831, he entered Auburn Seminary, for the study of theology. He might, in a few months' preparation, with the foundation he already had, have been admitted to the ministry without a regular theological course; but with his love of thoroughness, he refused this offer, though anxious to commence the work at once.

After graduating at Auburn, and spending a few months in preaching at the little village of Fayetteville, in this State, he was ordained, and installed over the Presbyterian Church of Geneseo, Livingston Co., N. Y., in September, 1833. Of the character of his preaching at this time, we may judge not only from its fruits, which were very remarkable, but by the testimony of some who sat under it. It was thoroughly evangelical. His sermons were less thoughtful, but not less earnest, than after his removal to Buffalo, where he felt the spur and answered to it. His theological stand-point varied but little from the time

when he left the Seminary, to the hour of his death. He stood firmly on the creed which Milton has clothed with immortal words in Paradise Lost; which Augustine, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox, and Bunyan, and Whitefield, and Robert Hall preached with a power, before which selfishness and sin slunk away abashed. He was intensely orthodox according to the Genevan standards. His faith was not born of ignorance, but of the travail of a mind, too honest to reject any portion of a creed, of which Mr. Froude says, when comparing it with other theological systems, "Calvinism is nearer to the facts, however harsh or foreboding those facts may seem."

If his statement of doctrine was of such form, and flavor, as to recall the preaching of the sixteenth century, it was not that he differed in belief from the vast majority of the reformed clergy of his, or the present day, rather that he was unwilling to re-translate, into more modern forms, the truths which had been the bone and sinew of Scotland and England, both the Old and New. Our English Bible to-day, is a very different book in appearance, from that which King James' translators gave to the world. The words have altered their form, though every sen-

tence speaks the same truth now, as then. Dr. Lord loved the old, better than the new. He feared, and there was sufficient cause, that in the sentences, whose form was novel, false doctrine might without suspicion be embodied. All his life long, he loved to seek the old paths, and walk in them. If he ever allowed himself less liberty than would have been lawful, he was more than compensated for his loss, in the straightness of his course, and the steadiness of his step.

While he worked on at Geneseo, the progress of events in Buffalo, was causing the way to be opened for his return to the city in which he had been known only as a lawyer, and a teacher. In 1835 the First Presbyterian Church had sent out a colony. The Presbytery of Buffalo organized these thirty-three members into a society, with the name of the Pearl Street Presbyterian Church, on November 15th, of the same year. They were holding their services in a building which Dr. Lord himself has thus described: "The edifice was rudely constructed of hemlock boards doubled upon scantling, and filled in with tan-bark. Its cost was about three hundred dollars." By this society, a unanimous and hearty call was placed in his hands. Un-

willing as he was, to leave the people to whom he had become greatly attached, hoping that in time he would be able to fulfill his long-cherished plan of working in the valley of the Mississippi, he yet felt that this was an opportunity of such large usefulness that he dare not refuse it. The call was accepted. He preached his first sermon in his new charge, in the month of November, 1835. In a year from that time, the prosperous young society had completed a church building, at a cost of some thirty thousand dollars. It was of a form so peculiar, as to be still vividly remembered by all who ever worshipped within its walls. Built in the shape of an egg, lighted from above, it was considered by a newspaper correspondent of the time, to be "not unlike the famous city Temple of London."

But the pastor soon became more famous than the church. His preaching forced attention even from those who were able to sleep through the musical services, which, by the aid of a well-trained choir, and so large a number of musical instruments that they were popularly called a "brass band," were by no means unimposing. His thought was original, and his courage in attacking the popular sins of the

people, was leonine. The famous French preachers, were not more fearless than was he. During his ministry, his life was more than once threatened by men who knew no other way to silence a tongue, whose arguments they could not answer.

He was a rapid writer, for all his life long he was as great a lover of books, almost as Macaulay himself, and he was full of information on nearly every subject. Facts, and theories, had not been tumbled so hurriedly, or promiscuously into the corners of his brain that only a laborious process of digging could exhume them. His knowledge was ticketed; what he wanted he knew where to find at once. His mind was trained to do its best, without being whipped to its task. Many of his most eloquent sermons and addresses, were prepared so quickly, that from the pen of a man less thoroughly well informed, they would have been superficial, and uninteresting. "He writes rapidly," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "who writes out of his own head," and Dr. Lord was one who had rarely to refer to a book, after he took his seat at his desk.

In the city of which he had now become a resident for the second time, he felt an interest which never shrank. He loved Buffalo; he loved to

praise her beautiful streets, and to hear others praise them. Among his poems, which were published in a volume in 1869, he has not forgotten to sound her honor.

Queen of the Lakes, whose tributary seas
Stretch from the frozen regions of the North
To Southern climates, where the wanton breeze
O'er field and forest goes rejoicing forth.

As Venice, to the Adriatic Sea
Was wedded, in her brief, but glorious day;
So broader, purer waters, are to thee,
To whom a thousand streams, a dowry pay.

What tho' the wild winds o'er thy waters sweep,
While lingering Winter, howls along thy shore,
And solemnly "deep calleth unto deep,"
While storm and cataract responsive roar.

'Tis music fitting for the brave and free,
Where Enterprise and Commerce vex the waves;
The soft voluptuous airs of Italy
Breathe among ruins, and are woo'd by slaves.

Thou art the Sovereign City of the Lakes,
Crowned and acknowledged; may thy fortunes be
Vast as the domain which thine empire takes,
And onward as thy waters to the sea.

His affection for Buffalo was shown not in poetry alone. To her he bequeathed his mag-

nificent library of several thousand volumes, containing many rare and valuable works.

No one of her citizens was more often called upon than he, to speak as her representative, upon occasions when an oration was demanded. Such requests were never refused, though by them, his energies, strained already in his heavy professional duties, were at times sorely overtaxed. By his Presbytery, he was sent as a representative to the General Assembly of 1836, the last truly œcumenical council of the denomination which was to meet till 1870. The separation which had long been widened between the two parties of the Church, was consummated in 1837, when two organizations were formed, which were popularly called "Old" and "New" School. That he would feel more in sympathy with the conservatives of the old school, was made certain by all his methods of thought. For a score of years, his Church stood alone as the representative of that type of Presbyterianism in Buffalo. But no one rejoiced more heartily than he, when in 1869 the two "schools" were merged into one Presbyterian Church.

He was ready to raise his voice in protest, whenever he saw any deserting the forms of faith, to

which he was so intensely attached, both by education, and conviction. Those were days in which a man of courage and individuality, who would not be swept along with the crowd, had to sleep with his armor on. The land was overrun with theological and philosophical freebooters, who were terrible as destructive, but feeble as constructive forces. There was no ark that they feared to touch. There was no altar which they respected. In France, Comte had crushed and mangled—so it was believed—all existing systems of theology, and ignoring even the fragments, had built up, of freshly-hewn stones, something which was called the "Religion of Humanity." In England, many had become disciples of the French Positivist. Harriet Martineau was preparing to write the "Atkinson Letters." The nature of man was being restudied, and results were reached, that were subversive of the existence of a God, and of personal responsibility. Oxford was torn with the dissensions of Ritualist and Evangelical. Brothers—like the Newmans—were separating, one turning to the Romish Church, the other to Atheism. Here in America, the foundations of men's faith were being as rudely shaken. In Boston, Theodore Parker, with an eloquence

seldom surpassed, was drawing crowds of young men away from orthodoxy, and giving them, in its stead, beautiful words, and inspiring moral precepts, but no atonement for sin, no assured hope beyond the grave.

The young pastor of the Pearl Street Church had eyes and ears open. He knew what was going on in the great world. He was not one to stand idly, witnessing the encroachment of what he believed to be fatal errors, and utter no warning. He spoke plainly in his sermons to young men, a volume of which was published in 1838, and he spoke with equal plainness in his more public discourses, and lectures. In an address delivered before the students of Hamilton College, he says:

"In the nineteenth century, the grand hindrance to the progress of the Gospel is to be found in the perversion, obscuration, or open denial of the supernatural element of Christianity. The philosophy of Locke and his followers, and of Hobbes and Bentham, who have superadded the utilitarian scheme to the materialism of the former, are thought by their admirers to have disenchanted the universe of the spiritual and supernatural. There is no longer a 'divinity

that stirs within us,' or without us. The innate and ideal are consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and the mine and the cotton factory are the divinities of mountain and rivulet. Of the effect of this philosophy upon the fine arts, this is not the time nor place to speak; it is enough to say, that this philosophy is more grossly material than the polytheistic, which, though it could not elevate man religiously, at least preserved his reverence for the supernatural, his conceptions of the ideal, and gave to the world those miracles of art, or, to use the words of one of our own poets:

> 'Those forms of beauty seen no more,
> Yet once to art's rapt vision given.' "

From 1840, to 1850, his thought rapidly ripened, but lost nothing of its freshness, and elasticity. In 1841, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from his alma mater, Hamilton, was conferred upon him. During these years he received more invitations than he could accept, from literary associations of the towns, and cities, to deliver lectures. Few men at that time could call together a larger audience; very few gave their audiences as solid, or acceptable mental pabulum. His lectures on "The Land of Ophir," "The Progress of Civil-

ization," "The Star Aldebaran," "The War of the Titans," and "The Romance of History," were famous throughout this, and the neighboring States. A number of them, gathered into a volume, were published in 1851. That these platform utterances were not for amusement alone, the reading of a single page of any of them would be sufficient evidence. At the close of his lecture on "The Star Aldebaran," after a beautiful description of what that star has looked upon in the past, and what it may look upon in the cycles of the future, he says:

"Thy grave, O hearer, shall Aldebaran watch when the fire of thine eye is quenched, when the bloom on thy cheek has faded, and guard the portals of thy grave, until the day when the Master of Life shall cast down the throne, and break the dominion of Death. Thy spirit will soon leave its house of clay, and pass out upon the universe, and perchance, to this distant star thou mayest wing thine uninterrupted way; and, bethink thee, as thou surveyest its glories, that its light is resting upon the remote planet of thy birth, and glistening upon the marble that affection has reared to thy memory—over the deserted and decaying tabernacle that enshrined thy soul, and which is again to receive it when

raised a spiritual, and incorruptible body, by that word of power, that from emptiness, and nothingness, from darkness and chaos, summoned at the beginning, matter and motion, light and life."

In his equally famous lecture on the "Romance of History," having described the origin and results of the Crusades, in sentences which are almost as rhythmical as blank verse, he asks:

"How is it that the Christian, and the Hebrew have alike suffered the soil sacred to both, to remain cursed by Mahomedan hordes, and all her sacred places dishonored, and blasphemed by the sign of the crescent? There is no other explanation than the prophecies of the Bible, which declare that Judea must remain in the hands of the spoiler, and the abomination of desolation continue in the holy place, until the set time for the return of the Hebrew, when he shall acknowledge him whom his fathers crucified; and so to-day, the Mosque of Omar stands on the site of the temple, and the Christian pilgrim must pay a price to behold the sacred places of Jerusalem; he must undergo the scrutiny of a bearded Turk before he can kneel at the sepulchre of the Saviour."

Of the year 1849, when the city was shrouded for many months in gloom, he speaks in his Quarter Century Sermon:

"During my ministry in this city, we have at various times been visited by the pestilence which walketh in darkness. No advent of the cholera during my pastorate, has been so severe as that of 1849. This disease commenced its ravages early in June of that year, and did not wholly disappear before the month of November. At times, the number of deaths was from forty to fifty in a day. A general gloom spread over the city; men looked anxiously in each other's faces; those who were in full health to-day were coffined on the morrow. Every day the names of some well-known citizens were catalogued among the dead. Many who were attacked and recovered, were reported for a time as deceased. More than once I was saluted joyfully in the streets by some friend who had heard that I was dead. It was in truth, a time of mourning, lamentation and woe; and the sadness of the people was like that of the ancient Hebrews in the valley of Hadad-rimmon. The remembrances of that disastrous summer will never be effaced from my mind."

He began the year 1850 with a New Year's Sermon, from which an extract was widely copied for its beauty by the newspapers:

"The impressions made upon the sands by the current of human actions and human passions during the year that is past, are now hardened and fixed in stone. As the soft substance of clay, receiving the impression of the waters and marking their motion, course and flow, becomes at length a rock, whose imperishable engravings are read by succeeding generations; and as the growth and products of trees and plants, and the anatomy of animals of different ages, make their impressions in the earth, which, anon, hardening into stone, reveals their forms and characteristics to subsequent periods, so the tablets of time passed, retain and reveal the actions, the passions, the events, which are to be fully disclosed when the strata shall be broken up, and the deposit of different ages, and every race, shall be read in the great day of final revelation. This is the true eternity of temporal things. Who would think that the yielding sand, in which the foot-step of the passer-by leaves its impression, should reveal that foot-print a thousand years afterwards, to the men of a remote generation? Who would

believe, unless it had been so abundantly proven, that the figures, wrought in the soft clay made in sport, which the next rain might be expected to wash away, should appear in another age, graven in a rock as with a pen of iron? These results science has demonstrated in the natural world. They are in the moral world indicated by experience, and attested by revelation. What an extraordinary and beautiful analogy is this. As in the natural world the most minute traces of the lowest forms of life and action, are disclosed by a process at once universal and exact; so, the words we speak, the thoughts we conceive, the actions we perform, falling upon the sand remain fixed in an eternal record. Philosophers say, that the earth retains and reverberates every uttered sound forever. We make our thoughts, our words and our actions, in time, our companions through eternity. With what importance does this view clothe the life that now is; with what power the things, which we are apt to regard as idle dreams, which seem to perish as they pass, but whose shadows, falling on the curtains of eternity, are fastened forever. What an event is the beginning of a new year, in which we are to write for the world to come on the

strata of which—to pursue our geological figure —all actions are to be graven, as with the point of a diamond upon a tablet of adamant, for an everlasting record. How do these thoughts dignify the passing moment, and the passage of the years of time, on whose fleeting sands are written the enduring records, which, for good or ill, we are to read throughout the cycles of our endless existence."

It was also in this year, on Thanksgiving Day, that he delivered the most memorable discourse of his life. If the Church of that day, was called to pass through struggles which some feared, and many hoped would end in death; the State, had reached a crisis not less momentous. In 1620, a Dutch trading-vessel landed twenty negro slaves in Virginia. What prophet could then have foretold the stupendous issues which hung upon that apparently insignificant event?

In 1850, all men saw that the permanency of the republic was imperiled from one cause alone—the existence of slavery in the Southern States. The South was solid in its determination to maintain a system which had made her planters wealthy, and which promised more in the future, than in the past. The North was divided, by no

means equally. A large and influential portion sympathized with the South, on the ground, that slavery was constitutional. Another large body of Northern citizens wished for the abandonment of all enforced labor, but saw no way in which it could be done. There was beside, a small, but now rapidly-increasing number of so-called abolitionists. They believed slavery to be the gangrene on the body politic, and like John Brown, many of them were ready to shed their blood, if by no other means, the foul spot could be removed. Some of these were men true and noble. Some of them were over-zealous, and reckless as to the instruments they used in the consummation of their desires.

A Fugitive Slave Law had been enacted on September 18, 1850, which authorized the slave-holder to arrest and seize his fugitive slaves in any State of the Union. No law was ever more thoroughly discussed or more bitterly opposed. It was the one subject of which men spoke to each other, as they met on the streets and in their places of business. It was to be expected, that a clergyman of decided opinions, would make use of the opportunity offered by a service of a national character, to discuss a question so impor-

tant in all its bearings. Dr. Lord was one who had the most intense reverence for "the powers that be." He believed them ordained of God. "We take the ground," said he in that sermon, "that the action of civil governments within their appropriate jurisdiction, is final and conclusive upon the citizen." From this premise he drew the conclusion, that unless it could be proven, that God has never permitted slavery under any circumstances, no citizen has a right to resist laws which recognize and protect that institution. The sermon was printed, and widely distributed, and read, and misunderstood. It was believed that it opened the way for governmental anarchy; that it would authorize a government in making theft, and arson, and murder, legal or obligatory. He had written "the action of civil governments within their *appropriate* jurisdiction" is final; but in the heat of controversy, men leaped to conclusions, and Dr. Lord was called a Judas, and a Benedict Arnold. That his sermon not only expressed the opinion of a large number of the most highly-respected men of the country, but expressed it with a logical force surpassing all similar pamphlets, is attested by many letters which were received when the discussion,

caused by its publication, was at its height. Dr. Spencer, a clergyman of Brooklyn whose reputation was national, wrote him of the discourse in terms of highest commendation. "It is the clearest exposition of the truth we have yet had," he said. From Washington, President Fillmore sent the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1851.

REV. J. C. LORD,

My Dear Sir: "The cares of state" leave me no time for general reading, and it was not till this evening, that I found leisure to peruse your admirable sermon on the "Higher Law and Fugitive Slave Bill." I return you my thanks, most cordially and sincerely, for this admirable discourse. You have rendered the nation a great and valuable service, and I am highly gratified to learn, that thousands and tens of thousands have been reprinted in New York, and sent here, and are now being distributed under the franks of members of Congress. It cannot fail to do good. It reaches a class of people of excellent intentions, but somewhat bigoted prejudices, who could be reached in no other way. Again I

thank you for the service you have done my country, and am

Truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Ten years later, like Dr. Lord himself, nearly all who had then sympathized most cordially with him, became known as earnest advocates of the Union. In many instances the same principles were held, but the secession of the Southern States, reversed the conclusions which had been reached under very different circumstances.

By the General Assembly which met in 1852, in Charleston, S. C., he was elected moderator by acclamation, an honor which has been conferred upon but few. Early in the same year, the new church edifice, whose foundations had been laid in 1848, at the time of the sale of the egg-shaped building, was dedicated, as the Central Presbyterian Church, a name which for reasons then considered sufficient, had been substituted for that of Pearl Street. The new church auditorium was at that time, the largest west of New York, but it was crowded, even to the aisles, for many Sabbath evenings in succession, during the series of sermons, which it was his custom to

deliver in the winter months. Those on the "Connection of Sacred and Profane History" are still fresh in the memory of the people. Near the close of one of these, on the "Descendants of Ishmael," occurs a description so beautiful, that we will make this page the amber to preserve it, for the enjoyment of all who shall ever read this sketch.

"Over what sacred monuments does the Ishmaelite, their divinely-appointed guardian, keep watch and ward. He waits by Hor, where Aaron reposes in his last sleep, and conducts the traveler amid the eternal solitudes of desert, and mountain, to Jebel Haroun, or Aaron's Mount, and shows him the sepulchre of the Hebrew priest. Sinai rises from the desert, with the same abrupt majesty, as when, from its fire-clad summits, God uttered the law. There still is the vast ampitheatre where the children of Israel, trembling with fear, beheld the solid mountain move at the touch of its Maker, its summit crowned with thunders, its foundation shaken by earthquakes, and heard the words of the first covenant proclaimed, amid blackness, and tempest in the tones of Omnipotence, and with the sound of

that trumpet, which heard once more, shall wake the dead and summon them to the judgment of the eternal law to whose annunciation it gave witness. The Arab guards this awful monument, his shout alone breaks the solitudes of Jebel et Tur, the bells of his camels, alone disturb the perpetual silence which Sinai keeps, since from her granite precipices God uttered his voice. The wild man of the desert guides the traveler to Horeb, the Mount of condemnation, where, awestruck, he gazes upon the rocks which seem to have been fashioned in their wild and savage grandeur for the utterance of the Law in the ears of the apostate children of Adam. To the prophetical nation, who retain unchanged, the manners and customs of the Patriarchs, is committed the custody, not only of the sacred places within their own territory, but of the adjacent soil. Over Palestine, the Arab wanders, like a spectre of the past. He waters his camels at the wells of Isaac and Jacob, he haunts that waveless lake which entombs the cities of the plains, the only living thing in that valley of death, so judgment smitten, that time, which changes all, has left untouched its Dead Sea, in which is found no form of life, and its blasted borders, upon which

no dew falls, or rain from heaven to water the parched and desolate earth. As he flits around the sea of death, so he guards the city of the dead, the rock-bound fortress of Edom. He dwells in all the places of Israel, and Esau, the living likeness of the past, beside its hallowed tombs, the present witness, verifying the inscriptions upon its ancient monuments, the sole abiding representative of Abraham, remaining on the soil rendered sacred to all time, and to all generations, by the utterance there, of the Divine Oracles, by the manifestation of the powers of the world to come, by the advent and expiation of the Son of God."

It had been his custom, to preach year after year without any vacation. During the winter of 1859–60, feeling the need of a change, he spent six months, by leave of absence from his Church, in Mobile. The time was used not in recuperation alone. He preached every Sabbath at the Government Street Church. This was his only absence from his parish, during his whole pastorate of thirty-eight years. He returned from Mobile just before the breaking out of the civil war. While the conflict lasted between the North and South, he never wavered in his ad-

herance to the Northern cause. Right, and law, he believed, were with her armies, and with that belief, it would have been impossible for him to have taken any other position, than the one he so firmly held, and so eloquently advocated till peace was declared.

That one who had long filled so prominent a position, would often be urged to accept invitations to some other field of labor, was to be expected; but the calls which he received, whether to other pastorates, or to occupy a professor's chair in a theological seminary, were declined, with but one exception, that from a Church in Pittsburgh, without any interruption whatever in his relationship to his own Church. But in this instance he was entreated so heartily to remain, by his own people, and many of the leading citizens of Buffalo, that he felt it right to refuse the call from that center of Old School Presbyterianism. From 1868–70 he began to feel, as he had not before, that his pastoral duties, were somewhat overburdensome. He was not one to complain; and only after his people had made, and pressed the request did he give his consent to the calling of a colleague. The Rev. A. L. Benton, of Lima, N. Y., accepted the request of

the Central Church, and became in 1870 his co-pastor. Of him Dr. Lord never failed to speak in terms of high commendation. This relationship was severed in 1872, by Mr. Benton's acceptance of a call from the Presbyterian Church at Fredonia, N. Y., where he is still laboring among a united people, with much success. It was now Dr. Lord's request, that the Church should accept his resignation, so that the pastorate might be given entirely into the hands of his successor. With great reluctance, this request was at last granted; and in September, 1873, the relationship which had existed for nearly forty years was dissolved.

During the few years which remained to him his failing powers were cheerfully used to further every cause of righteousness and mercy. The last extended journey of his life, was to Cleveland, as a Commissioner to the General Assembly, an appointment which he had desired, in order that, by his influence, resolutions might there be adopted, recognizing and commending, the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was one of the founders of that organization, and was always one of its most hearty and liberal supporters.

While health permitted, he was a regular attendant upon the services of the Church, where he had so long preached the word, and no more sympathetic or uncritical hearer ever sat in its pews. His happiness was great whenever a measure of success was granted to his successor. His most earnest efforts were exerted by voice, and act, to enlarge, to the measure of his hope, the prosperity for which he offered most fervent prayers. All this he did in a manner so unassuming and beautiful, as to win the admiration and love, of many to whom he had never before revealed the more tender side of his nature. For he was a man, whose character was so built up of contradictions, that he was always specially liable to be misunderstood. He was stern, but so gentle of heart, that often as he read an affecting passage of some book, he would lean his head upon his hand, and weep like a woman over a tale of suffering. He would not suffer his personal rights to be trampled upon, yet no man was more often the victim of excessive kindheartedness. He was zealous in his accumulation of wealth, and economical in its use; yet he preached all his life for a nominal salary, and few men of his limited means, were more

ready to bestow charity upon the needy, or to lend his name to aid a friend in pecuniary embarrassment. He loved old truths, and old forms, yet his sermons were always marked by their originality of expression, and freedom from the rigid rules of the scholastics, as to arrangement of materials. He was systematic in nothing except theology. He had high views as to the authority of the ministerial office, but he was free from professional affectations, and never sought or desired any "benefit of clergy."

He had both the feminine and masculine temperament. He was not by any means indifferent to commendation, but he was not to be turned aside by opposition, or discouraged by failure. He delighted in the New Testament, and when unable to read himself, he would ask repeatedly, in the course of a morning, for some chapter from the Gospels or Epistles, but he had a reverence as great, an affection as warm, for the Old Testament. "He loved to strike again, the harp of David, to place to his lips the golden trumpet of Isaiah," to clash the cymbals of Miriam, to cry with the exultation of the triumphant Hebrews, "who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods, who is like thee, glorious in holiness,

fearful in praises, doing wonders." He expressed freely, and with decision, his desires concerning trifles, but throughout the last two years of his life, unable through failing vision to read a word, lover of books that he was, and eager to have his friends read to him, he uttered no word of complaint, he expressed no wish that his eyesight had been spared. "The ways of the Almighty are unimpeachable," was one of the last sentences he ever spoke.

While never denying, in mock humility, those powers of mind and person, which made him so successful as a public speaker, he relied as a preacher of the Gospel for success, on that God of whom he sings in his ode to the Deity.

O God, unchangeable and infinite,
In whom all being is, and was, before
Creation broke upon the eternal night,
Or ancient silence heard the rush and roar
Of mingled elements, when earth and sea
And air, and chaos, strove for mastery—
While Darkness, brooded o'er the giant strife—
And earth was void and formless—without light or life—

Yet in thy counsels, from eternity,
All things were manifest—all creatures known
And visible, to thine Omniscient eye,
As when the light—at thy commandment shone

Around the new-formed universe—when sang
The morning stars, and heaven's high arches rang
With shouts of praise—creation's jubilee
Like mingling waters, of the upheaving sea—

* * * * * * *

Millions of eyes, O God, are gazing out
Upon thy works—Who knows them? Who hath found
The bound of Being? Philosophy, in doubt
Explores, irreverent, the eternal round,—
And Reason wanders wide, till she has heard
The still, small voice, of thy revealed Word,
Which unfolds mysteries to her darkened sight
And proves—whatever else is wrong—that God is right.

No eye hath seen Thee—uncreated One!
Dwelling in the thick darkness, which conceals
The glory, none can view and live. Thy Son
Alone, to the whole universe reveals
The God-head's brightness, whose transcendent beam
Is in the God-man's person, tempered seen;
The eternal life is bodied forth in sight—
THE FINITE APPREHENDS IN HIM THE INFINITE.

Without children of his own, he lavished unstintedly his fatherly love upon an adopted daughter. When in 1873, her son, a noble and chivalric officer of the regular army, was massacred by the Indians, his grief was like that of one who weeps for his own flesh and blood.

His lassitude increased rapidly during the fall of 1876. He knew, and often said, that he would

spend the winter in heaven. He was so feeble at the opening of the new year, that his easy chair was exchanged for the bed which he was never again to leave, till carried to the grave by the hands of men who loved him. For two days he was unconscious of earthly sights or sounds. Like Christian in the land of Beulah, he was but waiting for the coming of the summons from the Celestial City. On Sunday, the 21st of January, at the hour of evening service, he drew one deep breath, and his long life was over. Within sight of the home where he spent twenty-five happy years, encircled on every side by the parishioners and friends of his youth and maturity, his body lies in Forest Lawn, of which, in the flush of his ripe and vigorous manhood, with the thought it may be of this hour he wrote:

Place for the dead!
Not in the noisy City's crowd and glare,
By heated walls and dusty streets, but where
The balmy breath of the free summer air
Moves, murmuring softly, o'er the new-made grave,
Rustling among the boughs which wave,
Above the dwellers there.

Rest for the dead!
Far, far from the turmoil and strife of trade,
Let the broken house of the soul be laid;

Where the violets blossom in the shade,
And the voices of nature do softly fall
O'er the silent sleepers all—
Where rural graves are made.

Place for the dead!
In the quiet glen where the wild vines creep,
And the desolate mourner may wait and weep
In some silent place, o'er the loved who sleep,
Nor sights, nor sounds profane, disturb their moan,
With God, and with the dead alone,
"Deep calleth unto deep."

FUNERAL SERVICES.

ADDRESS BY REV. DR. A. T. CHESTER.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

STANDING on this solemn occasion, in this sacred desk, which our departed friend and brother honored for so many years of his long ministry, and to which his death seems to give a new consecration, I would give utterance to words which shall be in accordance with his life-long teachings, and with the example he has given us.

I have chosen therefore, as the basis of a few remarks, these words of scripture which were so often on his lips. He used them in his prayer, or in his address, on every funeral occasion at which he officiated in his later years. This splendid imagery of the Hebrew poet was especially impressive, as his fine imagination gave background to every tint and shade,—and when some divine message of momentous bearing was thus revealed,

for him it had a double charm. He accepted the teaching as from God, while each grand figure stirred his lively fancy, and every telling word stamped itself upon his faithful memory.

To everything of earth there must be an end. To the longest life, though it reach beyond the three-score years and ten, the time must come when the throbbing heart shall cease to beat, when the silver cord of the nervous system shall be broken, and the brain in its golden bowl shall cease to thrill with thought, when all the mechanism of life shall cease to move, like the breaking of the pitcher at the fountain, or the wreck of the wheel at the cistern,—the most striking emblems of disaster among the Orientals, where water and life are nearly synonymous.

To the most successful ministry, though it be continued beyond a generation, the end must come. Though plans be successful, and treasures be counted by the million, yet must the owner die; though life be prolonged in the enjoyment of financial victory, yet at length the end must come, to the richest as to the poorest; to those of noblest intellect and highest culture, as to the dull and uneducated. "For the living know they shall die." We do not need inspired teaching to

convince us of this. We know it, but we do not heed it, and so God comes nigh by his providence and gives us proof of the momentous fact, as some fellow-being is struck down by the angel of death, and we are permitted to look upon the cold clay on its way to the grave. And even then, such is the sluggishness of our spiritual nature—while we may be convinced that another is dead, we do not always reach the conclusion, each for himself, I too must die. It is the single religious design of our funerals, not to comfort the living, not to honor the dead, but to impress the lesson of mortality, to lead each one who joins in the sad procession to say, I too must die. And that not for the saddening effect thus produced, not to bring gloom and darkness over the mind, but to lead to the contemplation of the future life, and to the preparation necessary for its happy condition.

This same word that speaks so impressively of the end of the mortal also reveals the immortal. This invests death with so much interest and gives it such importance. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." This is the proper, most natural disposition to make of the decaying body

when life has departed, to bury it in the earth and let its disorganized particles return, as soon as possible, to the dust from which it was made. How much better than any attempt to preserve it from utter decay, resulting only in the hideous mummy-forms of the Egyptians—how much better than the burning and the preservation of the ashes by the Pagans, in their ignorance of God's purpose or their want of faith in His power to give a spiritual body in place of the natural. Yes, even these dear bodies we do not lose by the power of death. Out of the dust of their decay He who raised them up at first as the habitation of the living soul, shall build a spiritual temple for the everlasting residence of the immortal spirit. But this is the teaching of most importance: "And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

The soul of man, that came from God, shall go back to God. That which has such godlike attributes could have no other origin, can have no other destination. While this is purely a doctrine of revelation, it seems also most natural and reasonable. Upon each of these glowing spirits of ours He retains the creator's claim. Made in his likeness and image and by the breath

of His mouth, it can neither escape His notice nor avoid his control. He has fitted it for immortality, and made immortality its heritage.

When therefore, death destroys its connection with the decaying body, it must make its way directly to its maker to learn its everlasting destination. As neither the fact of existence, nor the time and place of our being was left to our own choice, as in all this we are under the control of the Almighty Maker's will, so our future home must be settled by Him—to Him must the spirit return as soon as it is freed from its fetters of clay—when it becomes capable of reaching the divine presence. It cannot stay here, where as we know by experience, earthly bodies are essential to the spiritual movement and development. It cannot go to some other world beyond the reach of God's presence, for that presence pervades the entire universe. The spirit in obedience to the law of its being must return unto God who gave it. Nor are we left in any doubt as to the method of securing a favorable reception for the immortal part when it shall have put off mortality. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, penitence for sin, and the purpose to sin no more, and a life spent under the influence of such faith

and penitence, shall secure for us admission to the joys of God's special presence in Heaven; for the want of this we are taught we must be banished from that joy forever. What momentous weight is thus given to every death, not that a life has ceased on earth, not that a human body is given up to be turned back to dust, but that a spirit has gone to God to receive its reward for eternity; that an earthly probation has come to an end, and an unchangeable condition of joy or of woe has been begun. These are the simplest teachings of the word of God upon this subject. So we have the solemn warning given to each one of us, "Prepare to meet thy God." We need a preparation. Sinners as we are, we cannot risk a rejection of the spirit, when after death it must make its way to God. The probability is too great that sin and holiness will not agree. We need assurance in some way, that even in our imperfection and our guilt, we can come before our God acceptably, and while science and philosophy cannot answer, while in our deepest unaided reasonings we cannot reach any satisfactory result, while darkness and doubt obscure the entire future, revelation speaks out, and immortal life is brought to light by Jesus Christ

in the Gospel. We are creatures of God. We have sinned againt him. We deserve eternal death. We are doomed to endless woe. But the Saviour has come for our relief. He has made atonement for us. He has borne our punishment. For His sake we may be pardoned. We have but to believe on Him, accepting Him as our Saviour, and to prove that this belief is genuine by a consistent religious life, and then for His sake we are restored to God's favor and made sure of everlasting life.

We are living amid religious privileges that we may have an opportunity to become the disciples of Christ that we may become the friends of God. This is the most momentous of all questions for each one of us—have I such a belief in the Lord Jesus Christ that He has become my Saviour? It is to give the answer to this question that your spirit and mine, must return at once to God, when life is ended. What a change is thus made in a moment. Now the spirit, joined to the body, is here surrounded by the earthly and the mortal, perhaps ignoring the existence, or not perceiving the presence of its God; now, in a moment, as disease has accomplished its work, or as some accident brings life

to a sudden end, now, in a moment, that spirit, your spirit, yourself, is standing before God, far removed from all the surroundings of earth and of time, to learn your final and eternal destination. There is no more uncertainty, no more probation, no delay. You must be welcomed as one of His own dear children, because you are joined by faith to His Son, or must be sent away forever, never more to share in His mercy or to partake of His love. Is not death important then? Should we not be ready to meet it at any unexpected moment? Have you, who meet here in presence of the dead, such a hope in Christ as will prove an anchor of the soul in the trying hour? Have you such a hope, such an assurance as he had, who from his coffin, is enforcing these solemn considerations upon you? Do you believe in the Saviour, whose atoning sacrifice it was his joy to make known for more than forty years? It seems fitting that he should be brought here, on his way to the grave, once more to utter, though with silent lips, the messages of salvation. Will not some of you who refused to listen before, now give heed; though being dead, he yet speaketh? I have sought to say what I believe he would wish me to say in

this solemn audience. I believe, could he speak, he would say, "speak not of me in eulogy, but proclaim once more salvation by grace through the Lord Jesus Christ—speak of impending death, of the return of the spirit to God and of the way to secure the friendship and everlasting favor of God, through Jesus Christ. Let the echoes of these great truths, which I have sought to proclaim with my living voice in all these years of my ministry, ring over my coffin, while from my mute lips the warning comes once more to my congregation—to my old friends and neighbors—to every one who can hear it, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

Yet, I cannot close without a word of another kind. Dr. Lord's long and faithful service as a preacher of righteousness must be acknowledged by his brethren. I have been working by his side for nearly thirty years, and it would be an unpardonable omission if I did not bear testimony to his faithfulness to all the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, and his fearlessness and boldness in proclaiming whatever his own mind received as the truth on any religious or political question, however unpopular for the time, that truth might be. Whichever side he might take,

on any important topic of Church or State, he was always true to his own convictions, and advocated his cause under the influence of the purest and noblest principles, both of piety and patriotism. Of his success in building up and developing this large and important Church, his pastor will doubtless speak at large; but it is a grand work of a life-time if nothing else had been accomplished. Of his identification with Buffalo, and his love for its interests, mention has already been made in the action of the city government, and in the various resolutions occasioned by his death. Though for some time withdrawn from active life, yet it may be questioned whether such a breach could be made by the death of any other man in this community. We mourn for him as for a father beloved; we cherish his memory; we will seek to profit by his example.

There was something in his life that seems to make especially appropriate to himself one of his own admirable verses on the Apostle Paul:

"O miracle of sovereign grace, the persecuting Saul
Hath run by faith the Christian race, and is 'such a one as Paul

The aged,' prisoner of the Lord, whose time is near at hand,
And who looks for his departure as the storm-tossed look for land;
For there's 'a. house not made with hands' that never shall decay,
The Lord of Hosts, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day."

ADDRESS BY REV. D. R. FRAZER.

When God sent the fiery chariot to bear Elijah from his work to his rest, so profound was Elisha's sense of the great loss he had sustained in the removal of his leader, teacher and friend, that, instead of attempting an analysis of his character, or rehearsing the exploits of the departed prophet, he cried out in deepest anguish of spirit, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Realizing the fact that greater than all spoken grief is that which is unspoken and unspeakable; realizing the fact that words cannot adequately portray the tenderest emotions of the heart, Elisha regarded and accepted silence as the most befitting expression of his deep grief.

Lamenting, as we do to-day, the loss of a beloved father in Christ, one whose many years, whose personal traits, whose long term and faith-

ful service in the Christian ministry entitle him to this distinction; coming, as we do to-day, to pay our last sad tributes of respect and affection to him before we bear him hence to his rest, we may well imitate the example of the prophet, and let our words be few, since our words, be they never so fitly chosen, must fail to embody our sense of the deep loss which we have sustained.

Although death is a very common event in our world, yet in no sense, is it a common event which calls us together to-day. A great light, which has shone for over a half a century in this community, and in whose radiance we all have rejoiced, has suddenly been extinguished. No, not extinguished, for we read that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Not extinguished, but only removed to shine yonder with brighter beam and more glorious ray, yet so removed that hereafter the radiance shall burst upon us, only from the historic past.

Although grief is the ordinary attendant of death, it is in no sense, an ordinary grief which burdens our heart to-day. The soldier, who in the vigor of his early manhood enlisted for Christ and threw away the scabbard, has now laid down

the sword. The man of strong mind, of deep affection, of imperial will, of invincible determination, of earnest piety, has now fallen on sleep. The bereavement has cast its sable pall, not only over this Church, which bewails the loss of its founder and first pastor, but over all these Churches, aye, over every heart and home in this community, for the universal conviction is, that "a prince and a great man has fallen to-day in Israel."

Although we may not accept as an absolute statement of fact the maxim that "circumstances make the man," yet it is true, within given limits, that circumstances do exert a powerful influence in the formation of our characters and in the determination of our life-record.

By force of circumstances a part of the ministry of our departed father was largely controversial. He served in the time of great ecclesiastical excitement; in the days of fierce theological contentions, and he will live in history as one of the central features of those troubled times. He heartily loved discussion, and his logical mind would rush into argument with all the zest that the well-trained war-horse rushes into the battle, and whatever may be our views in relation to

the sentiments which he advanced, no one can question the fact, that among all the contestants there was none more decided in opinion, none more loyal to conviction of right and truth and duty than was he.

But these are not the things by which we, his friends, his neighbors, his brethren, remember him. When we want his record, we look at the permanent work which he wrought for Christ. When we want to see his memorial, we lift our eyes and look about us. This Church of Christ gathered by his energy, this colossal edifice built by his perseverance, are more abiding testimonials to his worth and his work, than would be the most gorgeous, symmetrical and costly mausoleum which affection could rear to his memory. Others may recall the logician, the theologian, the disputant. We remember only the man of childlike simplicity, of marked unselfishness, of deepest piety. We retain, in grateful recollection, not simply those sterner elements of character which go to make up the strong man, but also that singular gentleness and winning tenderness which softened and sanctified these. And how beautifully these sweeter traits were manifested in the last days. I have sometimes

thought that the problem of life most difficult of solution is the problem, "how may we grow old gracefully?" It is indeed a hard thing, for one who has mingled among the activities of life, to find, by reason of advancing age and the many infirmities which age brings, that he is no longer able to keep step with the world's progress, but, despite his disinclination, is compelled to fall back among the stragglers. It must be a still harder thing for a man, who, by his own zeal and energy, has made for himself an honored place and name, to be compelled to step aside and allow another to occupy his position. The average man would be jealous; the old man would be out of sympathy with the plans and projects of the younger. But what a beautiful solution to this problem did our dear father give. I may not anticipate what my brother Wood will doubtless tell you in his memorial discourse on next Sunday evening respecting the character of his personal relations to the departed, further than to state that which our brother's modesty may hinder him from presenting. Instead of that carping, scorching criticism which some old pastors feel in conscience bound to inflict upon their successors, this dear man of God has told

me repeatedly that he considered himself the greatest admirer of this young brother's ability, and that he devoutly thanked God for the success which had attended his ministrations, and I hold that there is nothing within the reach of human possibilities that could more clearly manifest the real nobility of the man.

If you will pardon a personal reference, I can say that the same thoughtfulness and tenderness were also extended in a marked manner to me. Dr. Lord was a positive man in every respect —a negative in none. If he liked you, you knew it, and I have the satisfaction of knowing, that for some reason or other, he liked me, and doubtless to that fact my selection for the present service may be ascribed. You, brethren of the Central Church, will remember how touchingly and earnestly he urged upon you, during the progress of the extra service of last winter, the duty of caring for your pastor; how solemnly he enjoined you not to allow him to overtax himself, and you may remember the illustration he adduced to enforce his appeal when he said, "that dear brother of the First Church must die before spring, and that because of overwork." Thank God the dear old father was wrong in his conclu-

sion, because wrongly informed as to the facts of the case, yet this same tender solicitude has been the characteristic feature of his intercourse with me. In almost the last conversation I had with him, he pressed upon me the importance and necessity of caring for my health, and then said, "My dear brother, I have passed the complimentary age. I never do anything for compliment, and I never want any compliment paid me. Never ask me to preach for you as a compliment, but when and whenever you have a real need, whenever I can really serve you, call upon me without the slightest hesitation." This was the man as I knew him, and is it any marvel as I stand beside his lifeless form with these tender recollections running through my mind, that for one I feel, as doubtless we all feel, like crying aloud with the Prophet, "My Father, my Father!"

Very appropriately we have brought the old pilgrim back once more to the place of his toils, his trials and his triumphs, but only to bear him hence to his last long resting place. Never again shall we see that patriarchal form in this sacred desk; never again will he dispense to you the emblems of the broken body and the shed blood;

never again will that well known voice awake the slumbering echoes of this house of God. He has done his work, and has done it well. For nearly a half century he has occupied a public position, yet he comes down to the grave without an enemy, without a stain upon his character or a spot upon his reputation. Life's labors over, he rests in Christ, and we shall see him again only when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

Although we may not speak his worth or estimate our loss, yet we may imitate his example, and we will enshrine among our dearest earthly memories the name of John C. Lord.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

BY REV. CHAS. WOOD.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—II SAMUEL, 3: 38.

A PRINCE, though the blood of kings or nobles flowed not in his veins; though no sovereign's hand had placed the star or the ribbon upon his breast. A prince among men, by God's gifts of nature and of grace. No fitting eulogy can be spoken of him whom we this hour seek to honor; already it has found utterance in the gathering of this great assemblage, in the garlands of respect cast upon his grave by the members of the Common Council and of the Press, in his own works which do follow him while he now rests from his labors, in the very walls and stones of this edifice; most of all, in the Christian lives of multitudes who were led by him in the way of truth, and in the tears of those who in nearly every town and hamlet of our State, as well as in our own city, hear with unfeigned sorrow of his departure.

The eloquent biographer of one of the most brilliant of English historians and essayists, is content to find all needed hereditary honors for his hero in "a genealogy which derives from a Scotch manse." We too are content to trace back the stream of John Chase Lord's life to a source equally honorable. He was born in a New England parsonage, and to the day of his death the influences of that home were marked in his habits of thought and of speech.

The years of his sojourn upon this earth were almost commensurate with the history of this city. It was in 1801 that the foundations of Buffalo were laid—it was on the ninth of August, 1805, that he began the struggle of life. In early boyhood he attended a common school. Afterward he received instruction at one of the academies of New Hampshire, his native State. Neither in these schools, nor at Hamilton College, which he entered at the age of seventeen, did he give promise of a career so full of usefulness as that which has now closed. Few could have foretold, unless gifted with the keenest powers of reading character, that such a lad would develop into such a man. "I was wild and reckless," he says, and though he had great reverence for all that was

true and good, his better purposes were often overborne by the strong tides which swept through his impetuous heart. Like Paul, in the days when he sat at the feet of Gamaliel, he saw no beauty in that Master whom he has since so faithfully served.

In his journal, begun, as he tells us, "for the purpose of recording and keeping in remembrance the wonderful mercies of Almighty God," he writes, that in his school and college life, he was a source of constant grief to his Christian parents, because of his repeated refusals to give heed to Divine truth. Leaving college before the end of the regular course, he spent some months in Canada as the editor of a paper. Thence he came to Buffalo. He reached the village in 1825, with eighteen pence in his pocket, with no prospect of receiving aid from influential friends, of whom at that time he had not one of the many hundreds, who in later days esteemed it an honor to call him by that name.

For the first year, while pursuing the study of the law, his chosen profession, "I was barely able," he says, "to procure sustenance." But he had formed resolutions of frugality and industry at the close of his college life, to which he now

faithfully clung, and in which he found his best friends. He was determined to succeed, and he did. He pushed his way rapidly. He began to make money. Instead of spending it in extravagance, he invested it judiciously. "In 1828," he says, "I married my beloved wife. On every side my prosperity was enlarged," and then he analyzes the motives which at this time ruled his life. God was not in all his thoughts. In the Church itself the world was ever present. He heard the truth, but he heeded it not. There is nothing more interesting in his journal than the account he gives of his first religious impressions.

"About this time," he writes, "my wife began to be very thoughtful upon religious subjects. I noticed the change, but had not so far lost my respect for religion as to dissuade her from cherishing such thoughts;" but he says, "there was no more worldly-minded young man in the village of Buffalo than myself." He was expecting soon to be appointed District Attorney for Erie county, and he had, as he thought, no time to pay attention to the voice with which God was even then speaking to him. Suddenly there came from Rochester the news that a number of leading lawyers of the place, some of whom had been

very skeptical, had become Christians. This startled him, drew his attention for a time away from worldly plans; a wide-spread religious interest began to manifest itself in the church he attended. He listened now, when he went to the sanctuary, to the preaching of the truth. There soon came to him an overwhelming sense of sin. "I was weighed down by it," he says, "I began to pray. Some Christians too, took courage to speak to me, and to pray with me." But the more earnestly he sought Christ, the more earnest was the Evil One in his efforts not to let such a man escape from his power, to become a dreaded enemy. "My mind was filled," he says, "with terrible blasphemies; at times I was prostrated to the floor by the most terrible thoughts." But he was never easily discouraged when he knew he was in the right way. He kept on seeking. He kept on praying, and one day as he prayed, the feelings of his heart were changed. He began to praise God for His justice and truth—a work which he never gave over while his mind was able to do the bidding of his will. There he believed the purpose of his life was altered. Henceforth he was to live for Christ.

His was not a nature, as we all know, to cherish such a purpose in secret only. Early in the spring of 1830, when the trees were beginning to put forth the buds and leaves of a new life, he stood with his wife before the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, and there, together, they consecrated themselves to the service of the Master. Remembering his wholeheartedness, we are not surprised to find that the next page of his journal gives his reasons for entering the ministry of the Gospel of Christ. In one of them he writes that his heart had been greatly touched by the necessities of the Far West, and having property of his own sufficient to support him, so that he need be no burden to any of the missionary societies of the Church, it was his hope, if God should seem so to direct, to labor at least for a number of years in the valley of the Mississippi. Though by the providence of God he was shut out from the fulfillment of this wish, he alludes to it very often, and for many years he gave no small portion of his salary for the support of a missionary upon the frontier. At the close of his three years' course of theological study in Auburn Seminary he hopes that "he has grown in the knowledge of

God and in acquaintance with the doctrines of revealed religion." From the seminary he went to supply a Church at Fayetteville, in this State, intending to remain there for a few months before going to the West; and becoming greatly interested in the people of that charge, he prays that he may not be kept, by love for them, from the work in the great valley, if such be God's will.

From this time his journal opens to us a side of his character of which many perhaps have been almost totally ignorant. It was a great surprise to the clergy, and to the people of Scotland, when, upon the publication of the memoirs of Norman McLeod, it was found that he who had been so famous for his eloquence, his humor, and his exuberance of animal spirit, was also a man who had lived in as close communion to God as any who, because of great sanctimoniousness of manner, have been given a place in the unwritten Protestant calendar of saints. Some such feeling of surprise might be aroused in the hearts of those who remember our departed friend as the theologian, the controversialist, whose arguments often tore in shreds the logic of his opponents, who was always ready, like David, to meet either a lion, or a bear, or a giant, in single combat,

when upon the written page they see the record of a spiritual life which was equally deep and strong. Like David, he knew what it was to talk with God in the night watches. Many of his prayers breathe the spirit of that wondrous fifty-first Psalm. Often he cries "Create in me a clean heart, oh God." The first entry he makes in his journal, after reaching Fayetteville, is one filled with desire for the salvation of his people; and, with his close analysis of motives, he adds the hope that there may be no selfishness in this, and asks the help of God that he may desire the prosperity of every Church in Zion even as his own. Again and again, as he closes the narration of the Sabbath work, and there is but little concerning any other day, he mourns his lack of peace and faith, and prays for greater holiness and humility. He speaks of a high temper as the source of his besetting sin. He fears that he is often too irritable, and he reminds himself of Paul's admonition to Timothy, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." When there came to the village some who taught doctrines which he believed were

not grounded upon the word of God, he saw that they were sincere and hesitated to speak against them, "lest haply I should be found," he says, "fighting against God." Not far from Fayetteville, at a place called Pompey Hill, he was invited to preach during a season of much religious interest, and the inquiry meetings which were held during the day, and in the evening, were filled with those who were anxious to hear what they must do to be saved. In these meetings there came to him a consciousness of God's presence such as he had not known before. "I felt," he writes, "like walking softly before God."

From Fayetteville he was called to Geneseo, and there, too, God placed His seal to his ministry. In his short pastorate, many who had been utterly indifferent to the truth were brought to Christ. Nearly all the heads of families who were in the habit of attending his church, came into the fold. Some who are now officers of Presbyterian Churches in this city, were then led to acceptance of the Saviour. By their consistent lives, they have borne witness, that his preaching was not in mere words of man's wisdom. During the weeks in which that work was

being carried on, his one prayer is, "that he may be able to give God all the glory."

In Buffalo the First Presbyterian Church, with which he and his wife united at the beginning of their new life, was fast becoming too strait for the numbers that wished to attend. It was deemed best that a colony should be sent off, and a new Church formed. At once the thoughts of this little company, who were now to build a home for themselves, were turned to Geneseo. Could they not secure for their pastor the young man whom they had first known as a successful lawyer and teacher? Some of them had sat at his feet, learners of earthly wisdom, they had grown to love him, and gladly would they hear from him the words that could make them wise unto salvation. They urged him to come and be their guide. He was already attached to the town. Many personal friends were eager for him to become once more a resident of Buffalo. He felt, so he writes, "that his nature was such that he needed to have a great deal to do to preserve his cheerfulness of spirit." Here he would find a field for his activities, affording unlimited opportunities for work, and in October, 1835, he once more made this his home, scarcely

dreaming that he should dwell here, till called of God to the many mansions.

He found Buffalo a thriving country town. He has lived to see that town become the third city of the State. He found here one Presbyterian Church; he has lived to see eight others organized and developed. Each of the other denominations too, has not failed to do its share in providing for the religious wants of the people. Neither can we in truth refrain from saying that to his work, part at least of this prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, is due. He began his ministry here in a church of apostolic plainness, and in that church he preached the plain gospel of the Apostles. The truth he taught was not new, but his way of presenting it was something very different from the preaching which is usually heard in the churches. He spoke, so it has been said, "like one who saw twelve jurors before him whom he was determined to convince before he sat down," but the flash of his poetical imagination gave light and beauty to his severest arguments. He was, almost from the first, ranked among the leaders of thought. Around him gathered both young men and old,

who were fascinated by his brilliant powers and his genial manner.

The Church grew—grew with what was considered, at that time, astonishing rapidity. I will not dwell upon the story of its life which has so often been told. We have come together to-night to think of the pastor, not of the church, and the pastor of the Pearl Street Church, afterwards called the Central, soon became, perhaps, the best known man in the city. Correspondents of eastern papers were never tired of describing his personal appearance, and the peculiarities of his oratory. In how many exciting days were his powers fully tested! He was a member of the General Assembly of 1836, where he witnessed and took part in scenes like those which filled with excitement the United States Senate and House of Representatives in 1860. There began the separation, which was completed the following year, between the Old and New School parties in the Presbyterian Church. By the fact of his position as the only member of the Old School body in this city, he was forced into greater prominence than he desired. Part of his fame is due to his success as a controversialist, but he tells us that he never sought controversy.

He never snuffed the battle afar off. He fought only when he believed that peace could not be purchased except by the denial of some principle to which he clung with the tenacity of a whole-hearted faith. When circumstances were changed, and he knew that there were others who would see that the truth did not suffer because of silence, he sheathed the sword which he had wielded so manfully, and never again drew it from its scabbard.

He loved better to do the works of mercy. When, in 1849, the Asiatic cholera was claiming its scores of victims each week, he who had been foremost in theological battles, was now foremost in fighting with all his power the terrible pestilence, and the dire distress which followed in the path of the plague. Three years after this, in 1852, the Presbyterian church conferred upon him one of the greatest honors of his life. He was unanimously elected moderator of the General Assembly, which convened that year in Charleston, S. C., and presided with the grace and dignity which characterized all his public appearances, while his addresses of welcome to delegates from sister churches of our own and other lands

are still remembered for their good taste and appropriateness.

His vigorous bodily health, which had withstood the assaults of disease, was now somewhat impaired, and by the advice of his physicians he spent some six months of the fall and winter, just before the civil war, in preaching to one of the churches of Mobile. As a well-known man he was received with great kindness by all the citizens. He was shown, of course, the better side of that peculiar institution of the South, which was so soon to cause a war, from whose wounds we have not yet recovered. The terrible evils of slavery were hidden from his sight; what wonder then, upon his return to the North he was ready to speak with greater forbearance of the slaveholder than the facts would warrant in the judgment of his Northern friends! In theological views and by nature he was a conservative, and with this thought before us, we shall be able to understand, what has always seemed to many a mystery, that in 1861, he who had spoken but a few months previously in favor of the South, was among the most earnest in eloquent condemnation of those who had rebelled. In this he was perfectly consistent. Slavery was constitutional.

The laws of the land protected the slaveholder. With his reverence for law, he could not but condemn those men of the North, whose zeal had led them into deeds which were unconstitutional and unlawful; but when the roar of the first shot fired on Fort Sumter came to his ears, from that moment his love of law made him a firm supporter of the flag which rebels had sought to tear down. From this position he never wavered. Some of his most eloquent and memorable addresses were delivered in the trying days of 1862 and 1863. He saw many whom he had baptized in their infancy march forth, as strong men, to fight bravely for the right. Alas! from this pulpit often he looked down into the pale, upturned face of some hero who had fallen at the front, or in the hospital, had breathed away his shattered and broken life. Of these men who had thus shed their blood for their country, he could never speak but with trembling voice and quivering lip. No one longed for an honorable peace more earnestly than he. No one rejoiced with a greater joy when the last blow was struck.

But the fierce battle with evil, which he had so long fought, began now to tell upon his splendid powers. His spirits had indeed been

kept up, as he had hoped, by having a great deal to do. But he had done too much; the work of his own church was enough. To that he had added greatly by public efforts. The bow had been strung too high. It was strained. He always loved to work, but the time was slowly coming when work was an effort. His church urged upon him the duty of having some assistance. In response to their entreaty he consented that one who had been very successful in a large village of Western New York should be called, and installed as his co-pastor. But in a little more than two years this new relationship was broken through the co-pastor's acceptance of an urgent invitation to take charge of a church in a beautiful village some forty miles from Buffalo. Again he had to do the whole work of his charge, but he had a high standard of what a minister should be. "The work of the ministry," so he wrote in his journal while at Fayetteville, "is an exceedingly great and laborious work, a work which requires the intellect of an Edwards, the piety of a Brainard, the zeal of a Paul, and the faith of an Abraham;" and he adds the prayer, "God help me for His Son's sake." God answered the prayer; he

had done a great work, and he was not satisfied to undertake with diminished powers that which in his vigor had taxed him so severely. He asked his people to accept his resignation. But he had baptized many of them when they were children. He had heard husband and wife plight to each other their troth. He had received them into the membership of the church. He had broken to them the emblems of Christ's body. He had buried their dead. He had wept with them in their sorrows. He had rejoiced with them in their joy. How could they give him up? Against his own judgment, he kept on for a time, but at last he over-persuaded them, and was released from a pastorate which he had continued for thirty-eight years.

Many of us here to-night never knew him at all. He was to us, what Edmund Burke was to those who sat in the House of Commons in 1794. The memory of his great efforts was still fresh among the friends of his more vigorous days. We saw only the flashes of light, which were but hints of the bright and steady flame which had burned so long. His mind had been so trained, both by the study of law and of theology, that in the years of his high-

est mental activity, every subject seemed at a glance to fall in pieces, as a plant beneath the eye of a skillful botanist is in a moment resolved into its component parts. While other men were forced to dig with pick and bar among the rocks for the hidden truth, to him at the first blow, the whole mass seemed to reveal its treasures. He had the power—by no means as common even among great scholars as could be desired—of seeing more than one side of a subject. This made him fair in his statement of objections to the revealed word. In his famous course of lectures to young men, which at times crowded even the aisles of this edifice, he stated the difficulties of skeptics with such vividness and strength, that timid Christians were startled, and almost holding their breath, would wait with intense eagerness, and with a half-defined fear that no satisfactory answer would be found. But the sword of his logic was keen, and with a sigh of relief they saw it cleave the head of the giant from the body.

In large public gatherings, when he was seen pushing his way toward the platform, a sense of satisfaction came at once to all. They knew the meeting would be a success. A writer in a religious paper has told of the general desire that

was everywhere manifested to hear his lectures; and his orations before literary societies. He himself had ridden on one hot midsummer day, more than forty miles in an open wagon, to listen to such an address. That the effects which he produced were by no means due to mere oratorical power is amply attested by the judgment which the General Assembly passed upon his intellectual ability when it offered him a Professor's Chair in Princeton Theological Seminary. But his heart was here, and he felt that even so flattering an invitation as this must be refused. Like the Breckenridges, and other men whose names the Church will never forget, he was by no means always equal in his public efforts. Neither was he careful to reserve his best things for great occasions. Upon a rainy Sabbath, or at the Wednesday-evening lecture, some of his most beautiful thoughts were given to those who had braved the storm, or the darkness. But it was not in his natural gifts for public speech that he trusted to win men to Christ. He felt intensely, that it is not by might or by power, but by the Spirit of God, that the work is to be carried on, and for the assistance of that Spirit he never ceased to pray.

His character, like his whole nature, was strong. He was impetuous, like Peter, though the Saviour, who ever kept Peter from falling, after that one sad hour of denial, kept him from dangers into which, else, he would have been led. Like nearly all who have done the best work for Christ, he had great animal powers, and appetites, and these controlled, directed toward one point, the glory of God, made him the successful man he was. He had a thorough hatred of all shams, and it was because he feared that by writing out his religious experiences and spiritual yearnings, he might be led into that exaggeration, which he thought he had perceived in many memoirs, that he gave up the journal, which he had begun with motives equally sincere. Such a character was not one to be easily blown hither and thither by every wind of doctrine. When you once knew his firm convictions on any important subject, after that you had no difficulty in knowing where to find him. If ever, for the time, he was led into any path of doubt or unbelief, he waited till he came again into the full light, before he described the dark way to his people, so that by no uncertain words was the rest of any believing one disturbed, and they who were walking in dark-

ness were encouraged by his bright and hopeful counsel, to enter again, as he had, into the light.

He never brought the processes through which his own mind had passed in the study, into the pulpit. He came there only with the results of his work. He did not look upon the house of God as a place where the chaff is to be sifted from the wheat. That he believed, should be done before the sanctuary was entered, so that only the pure grain might be spread out before the people. To his kindness of heart, great enough to embrace even the dumb creatures, many testimonials have already been borne. Strong as his reasoning powers were, his heart was stronger, and very often, because of pity, he thrust his hand deep into his pocket, against his better judgment. He was so frank himself, that it was hard to convince him that all were not equally honest in making those statements which so aroused his sympathy.

The things that were lovely and of good report were the only things he dwelt upon with pleasure. Unlike most public men, he was always ready to attribute the best motives, whenever the proofs to the contrary were not overwhelmingly great. Already, too, by the pastor of the Church which was his spiritual mother, mention has been made

of the unbounded generosity which characterized his bearing towards his successor. I have often felt, as I saw him sitting modestly in his pew, how unavailing all efforts of mine would have been, had he not given his hearty co-operation. Whenever, for a moment, there has been a ripple of discord, it was his voice that cried "peace," and that voice was always obeyed. Apparently his greatest desire was to hide himself, so that all eyes might be turned away from the past, of which he had so long been the central figure, to the necessities of the present, believing that only thus could the highest prosperity of the Church he had loved and nurtured be attained. He lived long enough to see the answer to some of the prayers he had offered, in a measure of success, over which he rejoiced more heartily than any of us. Then he felt ready, he said, to make one more prayer, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Never again shall we see his stalwart form; never again shall we hear his voice pleading to God for us, but by him, this place has been filled with sacred associations, whose many tongues still plead with us that his God might be our God. If we have heard his prayers

and counsels, and have gone away unmoved, may God grant that, as memory brings before us that form and face,—the very tones of that voice,—a tear of repentance shall moisten the cheek, and with a cry of sorrow for the past we shall cast ourselves at the feet of the Saviour, of whom he was but a disciple. Yet once more, not in memory only, but face to face, shall we all look upon him. In that great day, when the books shall be opened and the quick and the dead shall stand before the judgment throne of Christ, he will be there and we shall be there. Will the look upon his face be one of sorrow? Are there any of us who, through persistent rejection of Christ, must in that hour be told to depart from the presence of God? Then, not the least terrible of the stings of remorse, will be the remembrance through all eternity, of the words we have heard him speak which might have saved us, but which we heeded not! The remembrance of that look of anguish which was upon his face, as he stood upon the right hand of God, that they whom he had loved, have lived and died as the enemies of his Saviour. To be lost we must trample under foot the love of Christ, the prayers and entreaties

of Christian parents and friends. Yes, we must trample under foot the pleadings of those lips now silent and cold. It cannot be. Let there come from the depths of every heart this night the prayer which has never yet been unanswered, "Save me, oh God, for thy Son's sake."

As I stand and look over this great congregation, there rises before me the vision of a multitude more vast than has ever been encircled by walls of stone. It is the vision of that throng which gathered upon the battlements of Heaven last Sabbath evening, just as the church-bells of earth were calling men into the sanctuary to worship God. Angels and archangels are there; apostles and prophets are there; among them are many hundreds, who by the words spoken from this pulpit, through the years of the past, were brought into the kingdom of God. Upon their death-beds the hope filled their hearts that they should meet him, who had taught them the way of life, when his turn should come to cross the dark river. With shouts of gladness they welcome him safe home at last! But he lingers not. Through the streets of gold he presses his way till he stands by the throne of Him who died that we might live; and as he lays his bright

crown before the pierced feet of Jesus, he speaks. Listen! are not these the words that come from his lips? "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

MEMORIAL PAPER.

A PAPER BY THE HON. JAMES O. PUTNAM.

Read before the Buffalo Historical Society, April 2, 1877.

THE Historical Society devotes a passing hour to reminiscence and study of the life, character, and career of the late Rev. Dr. John C. Lord:

He was born in Washington, New Hampshire, on the ninth of August, 1805, and was the son of Rev. John Lord and Sarah Chase, who was the cousin of the late Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase. At the age of twelve years he entered Plainfield Academy, in his native State. He subsequently entered Madison Academy, and afterwards Hamilton College of New York, where he remained two years. He graduated in the same class with our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Judge Clinton, and the late Dr. Thomas M. Foote. After two years' editorial experience in Canada, he came to Buffalo in 1825, entering the office of Love &

Tracy, then the leading law firm in Western New York. He taught a select school for a few months, having Orsamus H. Marshall, Esq., and Dr. James P. White as pupils. He was admitted to the Bar in 1828. In the latter part of that year he was married to Miss Mary Johnson, daughter of the late Dr. Ebenezer Johnson, the first Mayor of Buffalo, and one of its leading citizens. That marriage had its specially romantic incident, which survives a pleasant tradition of the time. In the same year he formed a partnership with Judge Love, which continued about two years. During those years he held several civil and military commissions, the prizes offered to the enterprise and talent of young professional aspirants.

He brought to his profession, talent, health, and ambition. He had also, in an extraordinary degree a faculty for accumulation, and a stimulating love of property. He had the forecast and the pluck, which, with opportunity, lead to fortune. There seemed no element wanting to assure him the largest success in his chosen profession.

Yet in the midst of his early triumphs, to the surprise of all who had watched his auspicious beginning, he heard the voice which arrested Paul

on that journey to Damascus, and obeyed it. From that hour he turned his back on all the allurements of a worldly ambition, for the labors and sacrifices of the ministerial office. This act, which shaped all his long public career, reveals, as nothing else could do, the ardor of his nature, the depth of his convictions, and the fountain springs of his character.

After uniting with the First Presbyterian Church of this city, he entered the Auburn Theological Seminary, in 1830, from which he graduated in 1833.

He was soon called to Geneseo, and for two years was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that village. During that time occurred in his Church, and in the community, one of the most remarkable revivals in the history of Western New York. The Doctor often referred to that movement as one of the most interesting with which he had ever been associated. In November, 1825, his mother-church, "the Old First," had reached a stage of growth when colonization became a necessity, and she planted the first of those more recent Churches which represent the Presbyterian interest in Buffalo.

The Pearl Street Church was organized in 1835, worshiping at first in a temporary building. Doctor Lord, the favorite son of the First Church, was called to the pastorate of the new enterprise. In 1836, was erected a beautiful church edifice, which from its peculiar interior construction was familiarly called "the goose egg." I have seen grander churches at home and abroad, but St. Peter's in Rome hardly made a stronger impression on my mind in my mature years, than did that unique Pearl Street Church on my youthful fancy.

I attended its Sabbath service in the fall of 1836 or 1837, on the occasion of a chance visit to Buffalo. It was without galleries, its audience room of oval form, the pulpit at the street end, and the orchestra at the rear. A full band, at least to my fancy it was full, furnished the instrumental music. The blare of trumpets, and the harp, and the sackbut, and the viol, seemed to realize the musical glories of the old temple service. I had never before heard any instrument in worship of more cunning workmanship than the wooden pitch-pipe, and the steel tuning-fork, which were accustomed to launch "Mear" and "Dundee," "China" and "Silver Street," and kindred melodies, upon the air of my native vil-

lage church. That orchestral magnificence still haunts my imagination. I am sorry "the goose egg" was made a victim to the spirit of modern improvement.

Such were the beginnings of Doctor Lord's Buffalo career. In the course of a few years the needs of his congregation demanded a large edifice, and the present magnificent church in whose parlors we are now assembled, was built, and the Society reorganized under the name of the Central Presbyterian Church of Buffalo. And here, from about 1850, until his final retirement from the pulpit, and the dissolution of the pastoral tie, Dr. Lord ministered in season and out of season to his people. Here were delivered those great sermons and orations which placed him in the front rank of American pulpit orators. He made this church edifice by his labors and sacrifices, by his intellectual force and the power of his genius, monumental.

The life of an able man is revealed by his opinions, his advocacy of them, and his character. And in the case of Doctor Lord it is pre-eminently true that these constitute, in a large degree, his personality, and to them we must direct our studies for a just appreciation of him. If in my

brief sketch I shall draw on him for illustration, I do so because they are better than any I can offer, and because we are met here, by the altars where he ministered, to commune with his spirit, and to catch a fresh inspiration from his thought and life.

Doctor Lord was for many years a large part of the intellectual, the moral, and in its best sense, the political history of Buffalo. During the middle period of his life there was not a question in Church or State of general public interest, in which he was not a leader of opinion on one side or the other.

In some respects he was a man of the past, rather than the present. His intellectual and theological sympathies were moulded by the earlier time and in the severe school of the Fathers rather than by the advanced opinion of later thinkers and actors. Both by mental organization and training he preferred the old ways to the new, and for primal truths would seek what he regarded the golden morn of time, rather than our meridian whose brightness he would not always take for light. Some of the grandest intellectual displays ever witnessed among us were his pulpit and platform defenses of the old

philosophies, the old theology, the old economies of Church and State. There are yet some who remember those occasions when he delivered his popular addresses, kindling with his own zeal the thousands who were under the spell of his magnetic eloquence and thought. There were some seeming contradictions in his positions at different times on some questions; but they were only seeming. His life of opinions was a harmony. Even his Higher Law sermon, the boldest expression of his life, and the most defiant of the general sentiment on the question of slavery and on the relations of human government to the people and to God, was perfectly consistent with his later position after slavery had thrown the gage of battle at the feet of the nation.

These characteristics and the fact that he was a polemic actor, as well as a closet student, must be borne in mind, for any correct appreciation of his public life. In theology, he was a Calvinist. Had he been nurtured by St. Augustine, and trained by the great Genevan, he could not have been a more earnest champion of the doctrines, in all their length and breadth, and in their widest applications, to which they have given name. If we consider the tendencies of thought, both in

Europe and America, at the time Dr. Lord entered upon the ministry, and remember the semi-revolutionary attitude of leaders abroad and at home, on social and religious questions, we shall not fail to see, that positive and controversial as was the character of his mind, he must adopt affirmative opinions on the whole range of questions agitating the public mind, and maintain them with a zeal allied to passion. About contemporary with his entry upon the ministry, the European wave of German philosophy and transcendental mysticism, which had done so much to disturb the old systems of belief in Germany, and after their introduction by Carlyle, in England, struck the New England coast, and their influence was soon felt in all schools of religious thought. It was at the period of the Doctor's settlement here in his new profession that Emerson was introducing the followers of Channing to those liberal fields, where so many now find pasturage in the oriental doctrine of the Over Soul. The transcendentalists were dreaming their dreams at Brook-Farm, presenting them to the public in the most fascinating forms of modern culture. In the more orthodox schools, Bushnell, Barnes, Beecher, Taylor and others, were maintaining

their new interpretations of Scripture before councils and assemblies, some of them passing that once terrible ordeal—the trial for heresy.

Tractarian Ritualism, too, was at its height in the English Church, and its mediæval spirit was startling the staid Protestantism of both hemispheres. Superadded to these disturbing elements in the theologic world, Science appeared, pressing its audacious footstep in every field of legitimate inquiry, astonishing by its revelations as to the age and method of creation, and filling the minds of many good men with fears that they would lead the world to the sty of Epicurus and the negations of Atheism.

At the same period, another wave, humanitarian rather than religious, came rolling in upon us from England, a wave first evoked by the spells of Sharp and Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and which, after a struggle of forty weary years, in defiance of the hostility of the Established Church and the English aristocracy, had abolished the African slave trade, abolished slavery in the British colonies, and threatened to overthrow in methods wholly revolutionary our own peculiar institution which had grown up under, and was protected by, our Federal Constitution

and laws. In short, the time of his settlement here in the ministry was one of extraordinary ferment, of intellectual audacity, of social experiment and of revolutionary tendencies in Church and State.

Doctor Lord's zeal for the old theology, and his attitude on the slavery question, were greatly stimulated to aggressive action by the new movements. The sovereignty of law as the representative of a sovereign God, and human society as a special organization by the divine economy, were with him central truths, the only foundations of a true social philosophy, or of just systems of law and government for men. And on the threshhold of these revolutionary movements he planted himself upon the old doctrines, a conservative of conservatives, contending for the old ideas, the old formulas, and the old economies. After the disruption of the Presbyterian Church in 1837, there was but one ultimate choice possible for him. He must go with the Conservatives. To the adherents of either party who saw below the surface, and felt the ground swell of the revolution, "Old School" and "New School," represented antagonisms which survived during the slavery

discussion, and until both bodies were liberalized by a new generation.

His ideas of the State, and its relations to the citizen, revealed the harmony between Doctor Lord the statesman, and Doctor Lord the publicist and theologian. This harmony is clearly brought to view in his celebrated Thanksgiving Sermon in 1850, "On the Higher Law as applicable to the Fugitive Slave Bill." His theological system declaring the divine institution of human governments and the sovereignty of human law as the reflex of divine law, furnishes the basal principle of that sermon. There was much in the angry controversy at the time, much in the peril many men believed to be menacing the stability of the government, which gave point to the discourse, but its logic flowed from the principle I have stated.

It will be remembered that Mr. Seward, in a speech in the Senate resisting the Fugitive Slave Law, had avowed the higher law doctrine. "There is a higher law than the Constitution" was his formula. In a period of calm there was nothing in this declaration which had been startling. It was not novel; it was old as human thought. It was uttered by Cicero in language

whose feeblest translation is as full of beauty as it is of truth. "There is," he says, "a law which is not one thing at Rome, another at Athens, one thing to-day and another to-morrow, but one and the same, eternal and immutable among all nations, and in all time." Sophocles, of the Greeks, had said in one of his tragedies by a character defying legitimate but unjust authority:

> "Nor of such force thy edicts did I deem,
> That mortal, as thou art, thou hast the power
> To overthrow the firm unwritten laws
> Of the just Gods. These are not of to-day,
> Or yesterday, but through all ages live."

It has been accepted by moral philosophers of all times. The sentiment, properly interpreted, is written on the universal heart of man. It is the instinct of the human conscience. But thrown out by our great senator as apparent justification of disobedience to a statute, obedience to which seemed to be the condition of national peace, it is not surprising that it should have provoked alarm. He maintained in that sermon the divine character of government and the duty of the citizen because it was divine, to obey the laws. He laid down this formula: "The action of civil governments, within their appropriate juris-

diction, is final and conclusive upon the citizen." This theory of entire subjection to existing civil authority he claimed to find in the doctrines of the New Testament, and in the example and practice of the primitive Christians. His sermon throughout maintained his favorite theory that Christianity did not come into the world a force directly addressed to governments or to society. The general doctrines of the sermon never had more brilliant advocacy. It was universally accepted as the ablest exposition of the conservative view of the relations of the citizen to the government which appeared from the pulpit of the time. It gave him a national reputation. By the one side he was accepted as a prophet, by the other as an apostate from the principles of liberty. In a speech by Mr. Webster, at Syracuse, in 1851, defending his own seventh of March speech in the Senate, he said: "They denounce me as a fit associate of Benedict Arnold and Professor Stuart, and Dr. Lord. I would be glad to strike out Benedict Arnold: as for the rest I am proud of their company." It was only after the storm of 1850 had culminated in civil war, resulting in the overthrow of the power which raised the controversy, that the bitterness of the contest

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subsided and all parties began to act harmoniously in the new era of homogeneous institutions. We now begin to do justice to the great actors in that drama. Calumny and detraction on the one side and excessive adulation on the other, were equally offensive to Truth, who serenely awaits the final judgment of history. The last year has seen erected in the metropolis of our State, memorial statues of the two foremost leaders on either side, and the American people have united in placing the unfading laurel on the brows of Webster and Seward.

Another position of the higher law sermon, provoking, if possible, still sharper criticism, was its defense of the relation of slavery because approved by the political system of Moses. To this the time had its answer. It was denied that American slavery in the nineteenth century could be justified by the civil code of semi-savage tribes, recently emerged from a condition of foreign subjugation and slavery, who had never risen above the *lex talionis* for private wrongs, and who punished with death the smallest departure from their social and sumptuary laws.

While he so defended the purely legal aspects of slavery, neither in that sermon, nor in any

utterance of his public or private life, did he ever apologize for the cruelties of the institution, or claim that it was other than a relic of a barbaric past.

No social blandishments could weaken his vision or warp his judgment on a question of humanity. Whether he ever modified his views upon the scriptural argument, I do not know, but it is a matter of history that when slavery laid its hand on the Ark of the Union, Doctor Lord's patriotism rose to the height of the occasion, and during the four years of defensive war for the Government there was no voice in the land of clearer, grander tone for liberty and the Union than his. There were no abler discussions of the whole controversy involved in that struggle, no more impassioned appeals to the patriotism of the country than are to be found in his political sermons of that time. Their spirit may be divined by this single sentence from a Thanksgiving sermon of the war period, which closes his review of the purpose of the Confederates to make slavery the controlling power of this continent:

"For myself, I had rather the Almighty should sink the continent in the sea, or that the nation should nobly perish on the battle-field for freedom,

than submit to this inglorious result—to the lamentable degradation of our national prostration at the footstool of slavery."

He had but one way of defending a cause dear to him—with all his might. He had no reserve, he cut down the bridges and burned the ships that there could be no retreat from the line of action sanctioned by his head, and approved by his heart. And in that crisis his patriotism was a holy passion. How perfectly he was in sympathy with the policy of final emancipation, is beautifully illustrated by his poem entitled,

"*The Silent Sorrow of the Enfranchised Slave. Suggested by the Obsequies of President Lincoln in Buffalo.*"

It might fittingly close this review of a controversial incident in his life, which more than any other gave prominence to his career. Its closing stanzas are as follows:

Ah! who can know their untold agony,
To whom his death appears the crowning loss?—
So the disciples feared on that dread day
When the great SUFFERER hung upon the Cross.

The sable mother, as her eyes grow dim,
Wails o'er her first-born by the cottage fire;
Freedom, though *late* for *her* is *all* to *him*—
Must it, alas! with that great life expire?

Old scarred and palsied slaves, who from the shore
Of burning Afric, in their youth were torn,
Bow down in speechless misery before
The tale of horror on the breezes borne!

They know not that the manner of his death
Forever seals their chartered rights as men—
That in their martyr's last expiring breath,
The Nation heard these solemn words again.

Two hundred years of unrequited toil
Have heaped up treasures for this day of blood,
And every drop of slave gore on our soil
Demands another from the Sword of God.

While his theological system led him to the conservative action we have reviewed, no man brought a larger sympathy to oppressed peoples. And while it is true that he rejected the social contract theory of the origin of States, yet in the Higher Law sermon he distinctly maintained the right of revolution for adequate cause.

Mazzini himself could hardly have hailed with more enthusiasm the revolutions of 1848 in Europe. The democratic spirit of that time had no grander interpreter of its passion and its hope.

His poem entitled, "Kings and Thrones are Falling," was hailed on both continents as an em-

bodiment of the spirit of the epoch. Let me recall to you a few of its ringing stanzas:

Kings and thrones are falling,
The sound comes o'er the sea,
Deep unto deep is calling
To the conflict of the free.
At the voices of the Nations, like the roaring of a flood,
The sun is turned to darkness, the moon is changed to blood.

* * * * * * *

The word of power is spoken
In accents loud and long;
The iron chain is broken
From the ankles of the strong;
The blind and beaten giant, is staggering up at length,
And the pillars of his prison-house begin to feel his strength.

* * * * * * *

The powers of earth are shaking
From the Danube to the Rhine,
Old Germany is waking
Like a Cyclop from his wine.
And dark his brow with hatred, and red his eye with wrath,
While he scatters his tormentors like pigmies from his path.

King or priest shall never
Rebuild the broken wall,
For thought is freed forever
And truth is now for all.
The startled nations hear a voice through heaven and earth resound,
The everlasting word of God shall never more be bound.

The revolution was crushed, but its spirit survived in the popular heart, and to-day France, Germany and Italy have entered upon their careers of regeneration. The Doctor was right, only right too soon.

In the middle portion of his ministry the Doctor delivered occasional lectures on questions of interest. In a series before the Young Men's Association, he developed his theory of civilization and progress. They presented many original views. He maintained that civilization was the original condition of man, so cutting from the roots the theory of development. Eden blossomed with the highest intelligence, and the earliest races and peoples were at the acme of culture. Civilization was normal, and progress was toward barbarism. This view flowed out of his theological system. Man, when first created in the image of God, was at the highest point of culture. Man's transgression sowed the seeds of decadence, which in time resulted in corruption and barbarism. From this condition peoples were rescued by the restoration of indvidual man to purity through religious culture.

In the same series of lectures, and on other occasions, he took issue with the broad schools

of every name on the subject of a progressive Christianity. There could be no new interpretations of Scripture, no modifications to meet new systems of thought, or a progressive school of social philosophy.

The theory of Guizot, as developed in his History of Civilization, that Christianity addressed itself to the individual and not to social or political institutions, he maintained with great ability. The Higher Law sermon was largely a development of that idea. I may say that in this position Dr. Lord had the sympathy of the conservative school in all Christian Churches. It was one of the series of rocks on which the Presbyterian Church split in 1837, and as the slavery controversy advanced, the two antagonistic systems of Christian philosophy became more pronounced. Was Christianity a principle addressed to the individual, or was it, as well, a force thrown into the field of the world to act upon institutions social and political? If the first hypothesis were the true, then slavery, and poor-laws, and the treatment of the criminal and insane, indeed all the social questions which are pressing on us for solution through law and governmental policy, are outside the immediate action of Christian

principles and the Christian Church. If the second hypothesis be the true, then Christianity is not only a power acting on individuals, but it addresses itself as a law to every element of society and to every institution in the State.

The advanced view of our day is a logical one. It was a matter of course that, as the theologic spirit declined, the humane spirit of Christianity should advance. And the decline of the theologic spirit results from the fundamental idea of the Reformation—the right of private interpretation of Scripture, coupled with the development of social and political institutions. This progress is not in the principles of Christianity, for no philosophy can rise higher than its headlands, but in the better vision of our time. I think we must come to the conclusion that the whole history of Christianity has been a history of development, slow but necessary, and every step one of Providential training of the race from high to higher. St. Simon Stylites, of the fifth century, sitting on his pillar sixty feet in the air for thirty years, was the model saint of his period. The crusaders of the tenth and eleventh centuries were an advance upon the ascetic of the desert. The intellectual activities of Luther's

day amid the perpetual tramp of armies over Europe, stimulated the thought of the age, and prepared the way for a new era of institutions.

The parable of the good Samaritan and the doctrine of the fraternity of men and the universal fatherhood of God, were in the New Testament from the beginning, but out of the range of human vision until the time of Howard and Wilberforce. The horizon of one era is the meridian of another, and in the procession of the ages all his constellations will shed their light on the children of God. Says George Fox, in his journal: "And I saw that there was an ocean of Darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love flowed over the ocean of darkness, and in that I saw the infinite love of God."

To-day, after nearly eighteen hundred years of struggle for its just position in the world, the social spirit of the Founder of Christianity, as revealed in the incidents of his life and in his Parables, has come to the front and leads our era. It is the motive power of every humane and philanthropic movement. Even the few philosophers who, like John Stuart Mill and Harriet Martineau, co-operate in these modern move-

ments, whether or not they acknowledge their obligation, find their best inspiration in Jesus. The great service of men who, like Doctor Lord, stood in the old ways and acted as breakwaters to the flood of new ideas, was this, and it cannot be overestimated. They held on to the solid body of doctrine without which Christianity degenerates from a religion to a philosophy, so preventing a precipitate radical revolution, until the new and old ideas could adjust themselves to each other, and act, as they now do, in accord in their mission to man and to society.

In search of the central principle of the life of Dr. Lord as it flowed out to the world through his intellect and through his heart, I believe I find it in his faith in the divine. Deity was as an atmosphere in which his spirit consciously lived and wrought. Priest or prophet never worshiped with more awe the uncreated Source of Law and Love. In this connection, remembering with what vigor in his best days the Doctor combated the materialistic tendencies of certain schools, it is a matter of interest to know his last thoughts, and to catch his dying testimony. During the session of the Scientific Association in Buffalo, in August last, I found him one day in

his library, his mind occupied with the discussions of the week. He at once opened upon the evolution theory of man. His defense of his old-time views of the existence of God, of man as created in His image, and man's need of a religious faith, recalled the Dr. Lord of twenty years ago. I shall never forget these words, nor his face, almost transfigured, as he uttered them: "They cannot dethrone God, they cannot overthrow His word, and I laugh them to scorn, I laugh them to scorn."

His long ministry occurred, as we have seen, at a transition period. He could, at its close, look over the field and see that, after all the upheavals and changes of the time, the principles of Christianity were more firmly entrenched than ever in the hearts of men. He could well afford to laugh at any school who hoped to strike out of human consciousness, faith and trust in an Author and Ruler of the world. So long as man suffers and sorrows, so long as the spiritual faculty survives, so long as the sentiment of reverence and worship, the primal instincts of man, lead his soul to the great ideals of virtue and goodness which, begin where they will, culminate in

Deity, materialism will never usurp the altars of religion in human households.

Dr. Lord was not an exact scholar, nor did he make pretensions to be such. He loved historic studies, but I do not think he brought to them the absolute judicial faculty, rare, if it ever exists, in earnest natures. Because of this he was the more powerful advocate and confident leader. His force was never weakened by hesitating opinions after his position was once taken.

As a preacher he attained great distinction. He had repeated calls to several of the strongest and most important Churches of the country. New York, Pittsburgh and Mobile sought to win him from Buffalo, by inducements which required a strong man to resist.

He supplied a pulpit, prior to 1850, in Mobile for six months, while he sought an escape from the rigors of our winter climate. There was a time, about 1848, when, wearied with the loneliness of his position as the pastor of the only Old-School Church here, he was inclined to accept the Pittsburgh call. The Doctor felt his isolation keenly. It was not the fault of persons, but was the natural result of the sharp controversies in which he gave blows quite as

hard as he received. In those days clergymen of different ecclesiastical relations had much less fellowship with each other than now. They had not yet discovered as, to some extent, they have since, and, unless the world comes to a stand-still, will to a still greater, that nothing enlarges the clerical vision like broad out-looks over its own denominational fence into neighboring fields of thought. The *odium theologicum* had been an unknown quantity, had there always been free trade in the commerce of theological ideas. The years when I attended his Church were his years of prime and of his hardest professional work and greatest activity. His sermons were not of the speculative or philosophic type, for such was not the cast of his mind. He was then much in the habit of "skeletonizing" his sermons, trusting to the inspiration of the occasion for their style and the complete elaboration of his thought. He rarely failed to impress the leading doctrines so sacred to him, and often combated what he regarded the false philosophies, in the pulpit and out, of the day. He was of the militant order of men, and was never happier than when defending "the faith" against the men and the system which openly or covertly

assailed it. He hated social wrongs, he hated cant. That holy wrath which burns in the utterances of the Hebrew prophets, as they scourge the hypocrisy and oppression of their day, reappeared in this man of moral passion and of glowing sympathy with the just, the good, and the true, and of hate of the wrong, the hypocrite and the false. No man was less awed by power in any unworthy sense; no man paid less homage to accidental greatness. All the veneering of society he mercilessly tore from those who sought it for a covering of selfishness and oppressive greed.

One pulpit characteristic may be noted—the large use he made of the poetry of the Bible. Himself a poet, his fancy literally reveled in the imagery of the Hebrew melodists. The Book of Job, Ecclesiastes, the later prophets, and above all, the Psalms, were of his poetic religious classics. I doubt if I ever heard him preach or pray that he did not invest much of his thought with the poetry of the Old Testament. More than any man I ever knew, his type of mind, his methods of illustration, his genius, in short, were of Hebrew mould. If he discoursed of death, the Ninetieth Psalm was on his lips. He never

wearied of the rhythmic thought of that "Song of Moses." The imagery of the decay of the human faculties in the closing chapter of Ecclesiastes, "The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern," were his interpreters of the vanishing shadows of time.

"How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod." "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places, how are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished," voiced his lament over the great dead whom he mourned. His memory was a picture-gallery of the Book of Job, and in his moments of intellectual exaltation he would bear you as in a triumphal chariot amid the sublimities of the Arabian poet. He loved a few of the old English poets from whose wells he oftener drew than from the moderns. He had no sympathy with the sentimental schools, and his taste was severe and exacting. As illustrating his love of sacred poetry, I will relate an incident connected with a visit to him a few weeks before his death. He was too weak to walk unaided, his voice feeble, but his spiritual vision clear as the sunlight. He spoke of poetry as the natural form of expression of divine praise and worship,

and quoted from his favorite Hebrew poets. He asked me to read the translation of the Russian Hymn to the Deity—a favorite, and a hymn of marvellous grandeur and sublimity.

The reading concluded, he pronounced it the noblest of modern hymns of praise. I said I knew another not unworthy to go with it, and read his own "Ode to God." At the conclusion of the reading, the tears flowing down his cheeks, he said, "It is much better than I thought."

With all the boldness and vigor of his mind, his sensibility found expression, on occasion, in strains of elegiac beauty. I am tempted to recall an illustration of this side of his genius. This example is from a funeral sermon delivered on the occasion of the death of young Sprague, son of the late Dr. Sprague, whose memory is still fragrant among us. He accidentally shot himself on Grand Island, and for three days his body was undiscovered, and when found had no appearance of decay. I quote from the sermon a reference to this circumstance:

"He fell without a struggle or a motion; one moment full of life, in the next his mortal remains lay under the shadows of the primitive forests, protected from the sun by the boughs of those

ancient trees, which were planted by the hand of God before the vessel of Columbus touched the shore of the new world. There, in the calm quiet of its last sleep, lay the body of our dear young friend, for days and nights, yet, no wild beast of the forest was suffered to touch it, no fowl of the air was permitted to alight upon that soul-deserted tenement; with strange instinctive reverence the denizens of the woods respected the remains which are before us to-day, unmutilated and with less change than is the ordinary result of death. No storm beat upon this defenseless tabernacle of a departed spirit, no rain descended to disfigure or deform that guarded body; only the dews fell, like angels' tears, and they were dried up by the breath of the morning. We may imagine the innocent birds gazing down from the neighboring trees with amazement, upon this strange tenant of their solitudes; watching with curious eyes the calm repose of the lifeless body, until the 'sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,' looking pitifully down through the openings of the forest with their calm, pure eyes, till the dawning day. So God protected the body of our departed friend in the wilderness, until human feet were directed to its resting-place, and hands

of men, with reverence and solemn awe, raised and bore it to those who waited in that fearful suspense. Which is harder to be borne than the bitterness of death."

His ablest papers were of a controversial character, whatever their form. He was like the war horse of whose description he was so fond. "He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." His genius was happy in the stimulus of opposition, and when engaged with a foeman worthy his steel, he was incarnate courage and power. There is a touching reference to the part he had borne in the controversies of his time, in his address to his people on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate. He says:

"In the providence of God it has so happened that much of the labor and odium of the necessary controversy with aggressive errors and heresies has fallen to my lot. When rationalism has put forth its dogmas, in some offensive and hostile way, I have been called to stand in the breach."

He then proceeds to speak of his defenses of the doctrine of his Church, and his resistance to the aggressions of Romanism:

"In all this I have been the servant and agent of the Protestant and Orthodox denominations of this city, but it has happened in my case as in that of many a better and abler man, that instead of a grateful remembrance of a good service rendered in a perilous time, the imputation of a controversial temper has followed and been the reward of the difficult and even dangerous duty I have been called to discharge."

A single sentence reveals his satisfaction that the age of controversy had passed, and that he too welcomed the new era:

"If I know myself, I am not inclined to controversy; though constitutionally fearless I am a lover of peace, and no one who has imputed to me a spirit of controversy can rejoice more than I have done that for the last few years, I have not been compelled to enter the arena of theological discussion."

The Doctor's feeling protest was unnecessary. After the smoke of the battle has cleared away and the passions of the hour subsided, Dr. Lord appears one of the most unselfish and consecrated men that ever entered the lists to battle for the right. And of all the contestants, on either side,

none returned from the conflict with brighter shield or more untarnished honor.

Few men communicated so much with the public through the press as did Dr. Lord. For the first twenty years of his Buffalo ministry, he discussed almost every question of large interest. His articles to the public journals and his pamphlets would make volumes.

In a pre-eminent degree, he for many years held the position here which so many of the clergy hold in Great Britain, that of an educator of the public, and creator of public opinion on matters of large, but general interest. I believe Great Britain owes as much to some of her clergy as she does to her statesmen, for the reform of abuses which were crushing out her life.

Sydney Smith, and Charles Kingsley of a later generation, are examples of clergymen who carried the sorrows and physical needs of the masses on their hearts, and were felt in every corner of the Kingdom through their earnest work to relieve them. It indicates a timely revolution. The bodies of men must be taken care of as well as their souls. The clergy are an educated class, consecrated to self-denying labor, and removed from the ordinary temptations to self-seeking,

and there is no reason why they should not be great factors in every movement which seeks better laws, and better administration affecting popular health, popular morals, and the comforts and recreations of the people. I confess to no sympathy with that feeling which would restrict the clergy to the spiritual office of their profession. Some of the best outside work done to-day in this country, is done by the clergy of all schools, liberal and orthodox. Their influence as a profession is not of the same type as fifty years ago; less popular awe hedges them in to make them a peculiar class, above, rather than of, the people, but their true power is, I believe, greater than ever, because it is related more nearly to humanity in its daily needs. It has lost none of its sense of the relations of the present to the future life, but it has a better appreciation of the relations of this life to itself, as felt in the industries and home-lives of men.

The strong elements of Dr. Lord brought out in his public career were hardly more distinguishing than the characteristics revealed in private and personal relations. He was genial, with a happy flow of wit, and humor and repartee. He loved cheerful companionship and valued the

good things of the world as gifts of God for human use. He had no small arts, or sly policies, but was open, above board. If he opposed he opposed like a man. If he was on your side he was faithful to the death. He was impetuous but chivalric. He had prejudices to conquer, but no conscious injustice to others to lament. He had the simplicity of a child, and without vanity was proud. He was a rash man who ventured to trifle with his self-respect, or to strike where he loved. He would serve in no Philistine Temple for the sport of lords or fools. He would rather, Sampson-like, "bow himself with all his might" between its "middle pillars." There is a holy anger that resteth in the bosom of wise men.

He was a warm friend. He was truly "a good Griffith," and no one who had need of a mantle of charity could ask for one of more ample folds than his. It was a beautiful trait and sometimes cost him dear, for he was not a discriminating judge of character. He was trustful, sympathetic, and had a large vision for the virtues of his friends.

His home was literally a place of refuge for the poor and needy. Without children of his

own, the children of others, and often of the extreme poor, had the protection and care of his house. These offices were sometimes rewarded with grateful love. There is a poetic beauty in this incident: A poor and simple-minded lad living in the vicinity, had learned to call the Doctor friend. When told of his death, he begged for his little savings that he might buy flowers for the burial time. He was gratified, and his handful of winter bloom was placed at the feet of his friend where they now rest in the deep silence.

This sympathetic nature overflowed the ordinary channels and led him to befriend the brute creation. I will venture to say that no house in the land has given more sympathy and care to races of domestic animals than his. No words but his own can give any adequate idea of his hate of cruelty to the poor beasts that serve us, and the high place he gives them in the Divine Thought. The following of his sonnets deserves to be written in gold:

"Doth God take care of oxen,"—who upholds
All suns and systems—round whose august seat
The veiled Cherubim with covered feet,
Cry Holy! Holy! He whose care enfolds

The Heavenly Powers who thro' the streets of gold
Pass out angelic messengers, more fleet
Than winds to do his will? He who of old
Spared Nin'veh for his herds, doth yet behold
The poor dumb creatures, who do ever cry
To him for judgment, groaning with the lash
And wounds and hunger—can that All-Seeing Eye
Fail to regard and judge, before whose flash
The Heavens grow pale? Each moan of agony
Is placed on record 'gainst the avenging day.

How he loved Buffalo! Had it been all his own he could not have been more devoted to its interests. He believed in her, and in her future as a leading American city. His life here as a lawyer and clergyman, compassed almost the whole growth of the town. He knew the early men who laid the foundations of the city. He had followed many of them to the grave. He had outlived all his early pulpit colleagues save one,—who is still with us, discharging the duties of the position he so long has honored. There was no other who on that bleak winter's day could so fittingly, and none with more feeling, discharge the last offices at the grave of our friend, than the venerable rector of St. Paul's.

About the last public appearance of Dr. Lord was at the banquet of the Buffalo Bar, a few

months before his death. The occasion found its highest interest in his presence. For the first time in a half century he stood with his early guild—recognized as one of them, and honored for his long and useful career. Out of two hundred guests there was not one present who knew him in his first professional days. His life had come round a full circle, and he came like a warrior of fifty years service, to bid the profession of his youth, "Hail and farewell." I am sure that none who were then present will ever forget the wit and the genius, and the rich nature which he brought to that banquet, and poured out so prodigally for our delight. His form and presence never appeared more grandly than on that occasion, and when he left he carried with him the homage of all hearts.

I know that pictorial immortality is apt to be as "words writ in water." Still it has been thought best to found in the New City Hall a representative portrait gallery of Buffalo's illustrious lawyers and judges. Dr. Lord had a dual professional life: Eminent in one, honored in both professions. Why should it not be devolved upon the Buffalo artist whose national reputation is our renown as well as his, to paint for that

gallery the picture of this peer of the greatest of them all? Do you say this will never be?

I remember the reply of the elder Cato, to one asking why he had no public statue. "I would much rather be asked why I have no statue than why I have one."

His long service in the ministry found him, at length, old and weary. Responsive to his repeated and urgent requests, his people reluctantly granted him release, and in 1873 his resignation of the pastorate was accepted. That occasion is historic and was marked by the tenderest expressions of mutual love. A young man took his place, whom the Doctor at once adopted to his confidence and heart. And so the curtain drops on the active part of a great life.

Twenty-five years ago our dear friend established his home in a suburban retreat. There, amid broad acres, beautified by his own hands, and in a noble library where were gathered the thoughts of the ages, he enriched his nature for the duties of time, and prepared for the limitless future.

For a half century he had consecrated his powers to humanity and to God. Having passed the summit hour of ordinary life, on Sunday, Jan-

uary 21, 1877, he died. He died in the city that honored and revered him, surrounded by kindred and friends that loved him. His life was full-orbed, his death a peaceful transition.

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

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